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Mademoiselle de Mersac.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN WHICH M. DE SAINT-LUC HEARS OF SOMETHING TO HIS ADVANTAGE.



It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good—even an east wind is welcome to outward-bound ships—and Barrington's hasty exit from Algeria, if it caused some heart-aching in one quarter that we know of, was productive of nothing but unalloyed delight in another.

Saint-Luc, as he stood upon his balcony, and watched the *Euphrate* steaming slowly out of harbour, rubbed his hands in glee, feeling that a formidable obstacle had been removed from his path. Whatever difficulties might yet intervene between him and the successful issue of his suit—and he was not disposed to underrate either their number or their magnitude—that of the presence of a possible rival need no longer be included among them; nor would it henceforth be necessary for him so to time his visits to the Campagne de Mersac as that they should not clash with those of the inevitable Englishman.

He rode up the same afternoon to inquire whether Mademoiselle de Mersac had recovered from her indisposition; but he only left a card at

the door, without dismounting, fearing lest a too speedy appearance upon the field so lately vacated by the enemy might savour of undue precipitation. In a like prudent spirit he refrained from any endeavour to meet Jeanne until the return of Madame de Breuil's weekly reception-day afforded him an excuse for once more turning his horse's head in the direction of El Biar; and even then, as it turned out, he failed to obtain the interview he had hoped for.

Madame la Duchesse had discontinued her receptions for the summer months, the servant told him, in answer to his inquiry; but he would ask whether she was well enough to see monsieur. Mademoiselle Jeanne had already gone out. Under the circumstances, Saint-Luc did not much care about being admitted; but as he could hardly say so consistently with politeness, he waited at the door, in a broiling sun, while the man departed on his mission, and was presently rewarded by a request that he would be so kind as to walk upstairs, the Duchess being unable to leave her bedroom.

The Duchess's bedroom was spacious, airy, and luxuriously furnished. It belonged to the modern portion of the house, and had nothing Moorish either in its construction or in its appointments. The low bedstead, with its lace-bordered covering, the soft-cushioned chairs of all shapes and sizes, the Louis XIV. writing-table, the inlaid cabinets, and the numberless knicknacks were as evidently of Parisian origin as was the owner of all these pretty things, who, from the sofa upon which she lay, with her quilted silk peignoir wrapped about her, greeted Saint-Luc in feeble and rather querulous accents.

"Come in, monsieur, and sit down. I do not apologise for receiving you here; the bedroom of a dying old woman is as much open to the world as a *chapelle ardente*."

Saint-Luc, with the best possible intention, declared that, if he might judge by appearances, he was in the room of a lady who had a great many years of life and health before her; but his observation was not well received.

"Eh, eh! what is the use of repeating such *banalités* as that," cried the Duchess, petulantly. "I am hundreds of years old, and I have ailments enough to kill a Hercules. Add to that, perpetual anxiety and worry, for which you are chiefly answerable."

"I, madame?"

"Certainly. You know that my one wish is to provide a home for Jeanne before I take my leave of her and of this troublesome world. How many months is it that I have been waiting, waiting to hear that you have arranged matters with her?"

"Madame, you will allow that I am just as anxious as you can be to arrive at the result which we both desire. But you will also allow that the case is an exceptional one. And no doubt, too, you will remember that when I formally requested Mademoiselle de Mersac's hand, shortly after my arrival in Algiers, you yourself told me that I could never hope

to obtain it in that simple fashion, but that I must gain her affections before her consent."

"*Mon Dieu*, yes; I told you that it would be necessary to woo her à l'anglaise; but I suppose that even the English put some limit to their wooing. We do not live in the days of the patriarchs; and if you are content to play the part of Jacob, I am not so sure that Jeanne is prepared to accept that of Rachel, while it is absolutely certain that I am no Rebekah. The whole winter through you have been showering bouquets and compliments and tender glances at the girl, and for my part I cannot see that you are any nearer the end than you were when you started. To tell you the truth, M. de Saint-Luc, you astonish me. It is inconceivable that you, who, if half the stories one hears be true, know how to make yourself irresistible among the ladies of Paris, the most *blasées* women in the whole world, should have any difficulty in captivating a child like Jeanne."

Saint-Luc smiled, and made a deprecating gesture.

"The knowledge which you attribute to me, madame, is not likely to help me much here. It is precisely because my experience of your charming sex has lain entirely within the limits of a certain class that I am altogether at sea when I am removed from it. It may be very ridiculous, but it is unfortunately true, that I have no idea how to set about attracting the affections of a lady whom I not only love, but respect."

"Ah, bah! All women are the same, my dear Vicomte, and you ought to know it. It is not by sighing and looking piteous that you will obtain anything of them. A lover who understands his business neither argues nor entreats—he simply takes what he wants."

"I doubt whether that method would succeed with Mademoiselle de Mersac."

"Why should it not succeed as well with her as with another? At least you might give it a trial, for it would be better than your present method—admitting that you have one. If you will not even ask, how can you expect to receive?"

"Supposing that I had already asked, and had been refused?"

"What!" cried the old lady, starting up from her recumbent position. "Do you mean me to understand that she has actually refused you, and never said a word to me about it? It is too bad! But in that case there is no more to be said; and I have been wasting, Heaven only knows how much good time and patience! You are aware that Jeanne is completely her own mistress. If she has declined your offer, it is apparently because you have failed to please her. I deplore her decision, but I can assure you, if you do not know it already, that I have no power to make her alter it."

"I have no illusions upon that point, madame. I have only a hope—a faint one, I admit—still just a hope that, in process of time, she herself may reconsider her choice. I am in every respect unworthy of her;

but for all that, I think I can offer her a more complete devotion than she is likely to meet with elsewhere. All that I have to trust to is the chance that she may sooner or later discover this, and that it may have some influence upon her."

The Duchess did not seem to think much of this forlorn hope. She pursed up her lips, wrinkled her brow, and reflected.

"You are too modest," she said at length. "Keep on repeating to a girl that you are unworthy of her, and the chances are that she will end by believing you. It is possible that, as you say, you may make her love you at last by mere force of loving her. I have heard of cases of that kind, though I cannot say that I have ever personally known of such a one. But the truth is that the experiment demands more time than we can give you, or than you have a right to ask. Come, M. de Saint-Luc, you are a man of the world, and you will not be offended if I speak to you frankly. You, very naturally and very prettily, look at this matter from the romantic point of view. I, as naturally, if not quite as prettily, view it in its practical aspect. I have no ambitious or selfish aims to serve; all I wish is that Jeanne should get a good husband and a comfortable home; and I know that, so long as I live, the connections which I have still kept up will enable me to put such chances in her way. When I am gone, the case will be very different. Only this morning I had a letter from France, telling me of two young men, highly suitable in every way, who are anxious to settle down, and form an alliance with some lady of good birth and moderate fortune. For my own part, if I could see any reasonable probability that your hopes would be realised, I should ask nothing better than to send these gentlemen about their business; but candidly, do you think I ought to do so?"

"You must act as you think best, madame," answered Saint-Luc with a sigh.

"Yes; but don't you see that if another suitor is to appear upon the scene, your presence would become a little embarrassing? I think I may fairly ask that this question should be settled now, one way or the other. Repeat your proposal, and let there be an end of it."

"That would be worse than useless. I admit the justice of what you say, madame, and I am ready to withdraw, if you ask me to do so; but I decline to subject myself to the certainty of a second rejection."

"Then let me speak for you. Possibly I may be able to plead your cause more effectually than you could do yourself. At all events, I can tell you one thing for your comfort; if there be the faintest chance for you, I shall be much more likely to discover it than you would be. I will have a little talk with Jeanne to-night, and you shall hear the result to-morrow morning."

"The result," observed Saint-Luc, getting up, and taking his hat, "is not very doubtful. As soon as I receive your intimation that it is all up with me, I shall take my passage for Marseilles. I love Mademoiselle de Mersac too well to remain here as an obstacle in the way of her happiness,

or even of her convenience. But if, as is possible, the two candidates whom you speak of should prove no more fortunate than I have been, I shall ask your permission to return some day."

"You will not require my permission," answered the Duchess, a little touched by so much docility, "but you shall have it, with all my heart—and my best wishes into the bargain."

So Saint-Luc went his way sorrowfully; and being disposed neither for sleep nor society, sat up nearly all the night through, with dull care to keep him company. In the Duchess's powers of persuasion he had no confidence at all, and he was far indeed from suspecting what fruit his careless suggestion, thrown out merely as a means of quieting what appeared to him an absurd and boyish scruple on Léon's part, had already borne. All the more profound was his stupefaction when, early the next morning, he received the following brief note:—

"What possessed you, my dear monsieur, to give me violent emotions and upset my health without any reason? I should be tempted to call you hard names if I were not too contented to be vexed with anybody. Jeanne, dear child, offers no opposition whatever to our wishes; and if you will look in upon us this afternoon, you shall hear from her own lips what I hope you will consider good news. To think that you should have reached your time of life without discovering that when a woman says no, she almost invariably means yes! I felicitate you, and press your hand cordially.

"LOUISE DE BREUIL."

If these few lines had been written in Chinese instead of in the clearest and most explicit French, they could not have puzzled Saint-Luc more utterly. Between the time when they were handed to him by his servant and that which he deemed the earliest permissible for obeying the invitation they conveyed, he had ample leisure to peruse and re-peruse them till he had got them by heart; but at the end of all he could extract from them no more agreeable deduction than that there must be some mistake somewhere. It was all very well for Madame de Breuil to reiterate the old dictum that feminine negatives are usually equivalent to affirmatives, but this, like most general propositions, failed to hold water when applied to a particular instance; and Saint-Luc was neither foolish enough to believe that Jeanne was in love with him nor clever enough to guess at the true state of affairs. He was therefore in no wise sanguine or jubilant, and spent the greater part of the day in pacing up and down his room, and in exclaiming at intervals, "It is impossible!"

Thus it came about that M. de Saint-Luc displayed less ease and *aplomb* upon the occasion of his first meeting with his future bride than might have been expected from a gentleman so renowned for good breeding. For when he was shown into the drawing-room, Jeanne rose, in her slow, stately way, from the sofa upon which she had been seated, and advanced a few steps towards him, holding out her hand, and behind her

stood the Duchess, all smiles, and Léon, smiling too, but looking a little puzzled and anxious withal; and it was evident that he, on his part, was expected to do or say something, and that nobody was going to help him out with his task. No form of polite dismissal would have found him unprepared, and he would have known how, in such a case, to retire without loss of dignity; but so little had he believed in his good fortune that he had omitted to rehearse any scene in which he might be called upon to act the part of an accepted lover, and now, in his surprise and perplexity, he searched in vain for some appropriate words.

At length, after a pause, during which Jeanne contemplated him with perfect impassibility, and the Duchess began to fidget a little, he did what was perhaps, upon the whole, the best thing he could have done, he took the cool white hand offered to him, and bent respectfully over it, just touching it with his lips. And as he did so, he noticed that Jeanne shivered ever so slightly. She returned to her sofa without any other display of emotion, and then the Duchess's tongue became loosened.

"You see, monsieur, that I am not such a bad ambassadress, after all. Have I acquitted myself of my mission to your satisfaction? Then come and thank me, for I deserve some thanks. Ah, how contented I am! I am ten years younger since yesterday. You will not get rid of me as soon as you expect perhaps. Henceforward you will be as a son to me, for you know that I have always looked upon Jeanne as my daughter. Apropos, what is your Christian name? Charles? What a comfort!—that is a good name—a name that can offend nobody. Do you know that I have been tormenting myself all the morning with a horrid fear that it might be Achille, or Alcibiade, or something grotesque. It is a point upon which I am rather particular. Once—I shall never forget it—my poor father wished me to marry a man named Léonce. Happily there were other objections to him, and the affair fell through. Léonce! It would have been impossible for me to address him without laughing. I detest classical names—the Republic and the Empire have vulgarised them for ever. Jeanne is a pretty name, do you not think so? But of course you do. I am a silly old woman to ask such a question."

Under cover of this artillery of prattle Saint-Luc managed to collect his scattered ideas. By the time that the old lady had paused for want of breath, he had got his little speech ready, and he delivered it in straightforward and unaffected language.

"You know, madame—and so do you, Léon—and so also does mademoiselle herself—how little I have ventured to expect the happiness that has come to me. All I can say is that I will do my best to show myself worthy of it. It would be ridiculous presumption on my part to assume that mademoiselle has any such feeling for me as I have for her—indeed I know that it is not so. But this I can promise to her, and to you all, that if she ever comes to repent of her choice, it shall not be through any fault of mine."

He looked a little wistfully at Jeanne as he spoke the last words,

but she only inclined her head slightly, without speaking, and he turned, with a half sigh, towards Léon, who promptly grasped him by the hand, thinking that the proper thing to do under the circumstances, and remarked felicitously that he had always known things would come right in the end, and had said so, if Saint-Luc remembered, at Fort Napoléon. Then, murmuring something about being obliged to go to the stables, he slipped quietly away, and when he was fairly out in the open air, drew a long breath, and congratulated himself in that he had passed over an uncertain piece of ground without making any false steps.

In the drawing-room an awkward period of silence supervened. Saint-Luc had said his say; Jeanne did not choose to speak at all; and the Duchess's spirits were somewhat damped by the solemnity of the younger people.

"I think I will go upstairs and rest for a little," she said, gathering up her shawl, her book, and her other belongings; "all this excitement has tired me. I shall find you here when I come down again no doubt," she added to Saint-Luc, who rose to open the door for her.

"If mademoiselle will put up with my company for so long," he answered, trying to smile.

Jeanne had got up, when he turned round after closing the door, and was standing, with her elbow resting upon the mantelpiece, fanning herself leisurely with one of those dried palmetto-leaves which no Algerian lady is without during the hot months.

"Why not?" she asked, replying to his last remark, although it had not been addressed to her. "We shall have to put up with one another now until one of us dies."

"The prospect is not an agreeable one to you, mademoiselle, I fear," said Saint-Luc, stung through all his humility by her cool contempt.

"Not very; but it does not much signify. It is unfortunate for me that I was brought up to think that girls should choose their own husbands, as they do in England. In my case it has turned out a mistake; and in truth I suppose it is better that every nation should keep to its own customs. Let us endeavour to think that I am altogether French, and that our betrothal is one of the ordinary kind. You marry me because you wish to settle down, and I marry you because my family desire it. There need be no question of love between us."

"Pardon me, there is a great deal of love; but it is all on one side. I do not complain of that; but, mademoiselle, I love you so dearly that I would far rather go away now, and never see you again, than condemn you to a life of unhappiness. If, as it seems, I can inspire you with nothing but repugnance, why——?"

"Why have I accepted you? I thought I had already answered that question. Because my family wish it. For the rest, I did not mean you to understand that you were repugnant to me. I certainly do not love you—after what passed between us at Fort Napoléon you must be aware of that; but I shall do my duty; I shall try to like you, and—respect you, if I can."

"Be it so. I do not despair. Love begets love, they say, and some day I may gain yours."

"Pray, pray do not expect that," returned Jeanne, with great earnestness. "It can never be. I am not submissive, and I am not always good-tempered, I am afraid ; but I will do my best to make your home comfortable if you will not talk about love. More than that I cannot do ;—and you cannot expect more," she added, with a touch of defiance.

"I am contented," answered Saint-Luc, looking, however, a little sad over it.

The man's excessive meekness exasperated Jeanne. The colour mounted into her cheeks, and she tore off a corner of her palmetto fan and crushed it between her fingers.

"I cannot in the least understand you !" she exclaimed half involuntarily. "It seems to me that you are doing a very foolish thing ; but I suppose you must be the best judge of your own actions, and at any rate I have not deceived you. And now I have something to say which had better be said at once and done with, for it is about a disagreeable matter which I do not intend to allude to again. I wish you to know that Léon has told me about the money which he lost to you at cards, and about the manner in which you and he seem to have agreed that it should be paid."

Saint-Luc looked vexed. "I wish Léon had not spoken to you about that silly affair," he said. "It was all a misunderstanding. There is no real debt at all ; but he took an absurd notion into his head that he was bound to pay me an immense sum which I never had the remotest intention of accepting from him ; and he was so obstinate over it that, to quiet him, I suggested the first way out of the difficulty that occurred to me. I am sorry now that I did not happen to hit upon some other solution, because, as things have turned out, it may look to you as if I had presumed too much upon the probability of your accepting my second offer. Nothing could be further from the truth, I assure you ; and I need hardly say that I never imagined that any account of the transaction would reach your ears."

"I should have thought you must have known that Léon has no secrets from me. But that does not much matter. In any case, I must have been told before the money could have been paid."

"I had hoped that, as there need be no actual transfer of coin, he and I would have been able to arrange the matter without troubling you about it. But, to tell you the truth, mademoiselle, I did not give much thought to the details ; as I told you before, the debt is a purely imaginary one."

Jeanne bit her lip. Believing, as she did, that her present unlucky plight was the result of a deliberate plan laid by Saint-Luc, it cost her an effort to refrain from openly charging him with needless duplicity. Nothing could justify his behaviour ; but if he had thrown himself upon her mercy, pleading his love for her as his excuse, he might perhaps have

been allowed the benefit of an extenuating circumstance. As it was, there was nothing to be said for him.

"I do not understand how a debt can be imaginary," she answered coldly. "If Léon lost the money to you, he owes it to you, and will pay it. Let us treat it simply as a matter of business, if you please. I am not quite certain as to what legal rights our marriage may give you over my property, and it is not desirable that anyone but ourselves should know of this unfortunate business. I desire, therefore, to have your solemn assurance that you give up all claim to 255,800 francs of my dowry."

The business-like air with which this very unbusiness-like demand was enunciated might have provoked Saint-Luc to a smile if he had not been too much hurt to see the comical side of the situation.

"I pledge you my word of honour, mademoiselle, that it shall be so," he said; "and I will bind myself by an oath if you feel any fear of my robbing you. But, believe me, you are attaching a great deal too much importance to a stupid blunder. Will you permit me to give you my version of the story?"

"No, thank you. I have your promise that you will not oppose my handing over the requisite sum to Léon, and that is sufficient. I do not wish to hear another word about the matter."

"Very well. I also should be glad to let the whole thing be forgotten, only I fancied you were blaming me——"

"I am blaming nobody," interrupted Jeanne, with sudden irritability. "Pray do not harp upon it; let us talk of something else."

Saint-Luc did not press the point. In spite of Jeanne's assurances, he perceived plainly that he was being condemned unheard; but he was content to waive his right of self-defence in deference to the will which was henceforth to be his law. Deliberately, and of his own choice, he bowed his neck beneath the yoke, saying, with a smile—

"As you please. I will never say or do anything that is disagreeable to you, if I can avoid it," and then began to talk about the Governor-General's ball.

If Madame de Trémonville could have been present in the spirit—if she could have seen her silent partner of the previous evening putting forth all his conversational powers in the vain effort to interest his indifferent hearer, and Jeanne scarcely so much as pretending to listen to him—she would have felt that her prophetic sketch of Mademoiselle de Mersac's married life was justified before the event, and her respectful admiration for M. de Saint-Luc would probably have suffered some diminution. Who, indeed, respects humility in this world? The virtue is so rare a one that most people fail to recognise it when they see it, and usually set it down as one of the meaner vices. It must be admitted that Jeanne, who ought perhaps to have known better, was in no wise propitiated by her lover's submissiveness. She did not understand that it was an exaggerated sense of his own unworthiness that made Saint-Luc mentally

prostrate himself before her; she saw only the ignoble, crouching attitude, and trod him under foot without compunction.

"Why will you insist upon it that I am always in the right?" she exclaimed once, rather cruelly. "Surely I must be wrong sometimes? Let us try to discover some point upon which we can differ, or we shall never agree."

But this was some days later, after Jeanne had had to put up with a long course of unbroken acquiescence. Upon this first afternoon she bore two hours of Saint-Luc's society without open murmuring, and suffered him to depart at last with no worse punishment than a somewhat curt dismissal.

"It is time for me to go and dress for dinner," she said. "I suppose you will be coming here every day now. I am always busy in the morning, but after three o'clock you will generally find me disengaged. Good-bye."

CHAPTER XIX.

JEANNE QUARRELS WITH FANCHETTE, AND LÉON SINGS THE
"MARSEILLAISE."

HUMAN nature, even in its moods of highest self-abnegation, is still apt to retain a sufficient remnant of love for self to long for the applause or gratitude of fellow-mortals. Curtius, when he resolved upon immolating himself upon the altar of patriotism, arrayed himself, it will be remembered, in a suit of shining armour, mounted a prancing war-horse, and disappeared into the gulf with the eyes of the awe-struck citizens upon him, and their murmurs of mingled admiration and pity in his ears. The sacrifice would have been equally efficacious, it is to be presumed, and the chasm as permanently closed, if he had walked quietly down to it, after nightfall, and slipped in, without saying a word to anybody. But he probably felt himself entitled to a more dramatic ending, and who shall blame him? Damon, waiting on the scaffold for the tardy Phintias, while the headsman stood by his side and the last sands ran out of the hour-glass, was a spectacle so sublime that the tyrant Dionysius is said to have been moved by it to make one of the silliest requests ever recorded in history or fiction. Had Damon risked his life in some commonplace manner, such as dragging his friend out of a duck-pond, he would not have been sublime at all, and would, therefore, have been the more heroic; while, if he had smilingly espoused a hideous heiress in order to pay Phintias's gambling debts, he would have accomplished a feat unsurpassed in the annals of friendship or love. There is no sacrifice so great but that gratitude will render it bearable, and none too small to be magnified into a burden by absence of recognition. Jeanne de Mersac, who was about to lay down her life for her brother in a sense which, without any figure of speech, was far more terrible to her than death, could not but feel it no slight addition to her unhappiness that he should be precluded from appreciating her devotion. It was, of

course, inevitable that he should be kept in ignorance of the motives which had actuated her in accepting M. de Saint-Luc; but there was little consolation in that thought; and, moreover, Jeanne could have found it in her heart to wish that he should at least have guessed at what seemed so obvious, were it only that she might have had the satisfaction of quieting his fears. But he apparently felt no anxiety, and, at all events, did not display any. As far as his sister could understand his feelings, he was satisfied with the arrangement, though not overjoyed at it, and desirous chiefly to avoid meeting Saint-Luc, or mentioning his name.

It was, perhaps, in some degree through Jeanne's own fault that a certain coolness and estrangement sprang up at this time between her and her brother. She informed him of her engagement briefly and without comment, speaking in a certain cold, matter-of-fact voice, the sound of which was well known to Léon, and which had, from his boyhood up, always had the effect of overawing him. He looked surprised, but did not say very much in reply; nor was it until Jeanne had begun to talk about something else that he remarked hesitatingly—

“I thought, after what you said the other day about Saint-Luc——”

“Never mind what I said the other day,” she interrupted. “I was in a romantic mood the other day—I am not often in a romantic mood, am I?—and I daresay I talked a good deal of nonsense. I told you that I would not marry M. de Saint-Luc because I did not love him; but now I think that objection need not stand in my way. If I could have loved him it would have been better; but as I cannot, I must be satisfied with knowing that my marriage with him will be a good thing in other ways.”

Léon ought undoubtedly to have inquired in what ways, but he did not. He contented himself with murmuring something about Saint-Luc's excellent qualities, and almost immediately Jeanne left him. How far he was aware of the true causes of his sister's change of opinion it would be difficult to say; probably he managed to persuade himself that his own embarrassed position was only one of them.

Partly from a long-standing habit of acquiescence in all Jeanne's decisions, partly because it was so very desirable that she should marry Saint-Luc, and partly because he really believed that such a marriage would tend to secure her own happiness, he refrained from asking further questions, and dismissed the subject from his mind with an inward declaration that everything had happened for the best.

All this did not, however, prevent him from feeling guilty and uncomfortable in his sister's company, nor her from noticing his altered manner, and resenting it; and as Jeanne, for all her self-possession, was no adept at concealing her displeasure from those whom she loved, home soon became rather a dreary place to the young marquis, who liked laughter and soft speeches, and pleasant, smiling faces to welcome him, and who had been so accustomed all his life to these agreeable surroundings that he had come to look upon them almost as his right. The

upshot of it was that he absented himself as frequently and for as long periods as he was able.

Thus Jeanne found that she must bear her burden in solitude, or in society that was worse than solitude. M. de Fontvieille, good man, had been a little shocked by the precipitancy with which his philosophical teaching had been acted upon. He would have preferred that Jeanne should have consecrated at least a year to tears and regret; and though he was always kind to her in a fussy, rather troublesome way, made no further allusion to sentimental topics. The Duchess, excited, talkative, and gleeful, was a very trying companion; and M. de Saint-Luc was simply intolerable. To escape from him now became the chief aim of Jeanne's life. She had a hundred excuses for being out when he called, or for leaving him soon after his arrival. Her wedding had been fixed to take place in the beginning of September, and the necessity for supervising the progress of her *trousseau* afforded her a pretext for constantly escaping to the convent of El Biar or to the school for Arab girls in the town, to neither of which establishments were gentlemen admitted.

Upon occasions, however, she was compelled to sit through a long *tête-à-tête* with her future husband, and then that unlucky scapegoat had a troublous time of it. Never was man more persistently snubbed, more pitilessly disdained; and never was unmerited cruelty more patiently borne.

When nature is asked to carry a heavier weight than her strength is equal to, the habitual qualities which make up a human character are apt to give way in one place or another. The generous are not always generous, nor the just always just. Great men have often stooped to mean actions, and good men to heartless ones, thereby sorely perplexing their biographers, who seem to think that inconsistency requires some explanation. In the everlasting fight between the good and evil parts of our nature, the victory, even in the best of us, cannot always be for the right side.

Long afterwards, Jeanne, looking back upon those sultry summer weeks during which she had stood with her back to the wall, fighting against despair—looking back, and viewing men and events in the changed light which time had thrown upon them—knew not which to wonder at most, her own unremitting virulence or Saint-Luc's forbearing gentleness. She had learnt then to appreciate that kind, faithful heart, and could never think of the remorseless stabs which she had inflicted upon it without an aching pain at her own. Even at the time her conscience smote her occasionally when her victim winced under her sharp speeches—for, after all, it is but poor sport to attack one who will not retaliate—but if she relented at all, it was only after his back was turned. The sound of his step in the hall was sufficient to chase away any rising compassion from her breast.

"*C'est plus fort que moi*," she said, one day, in answer to a remonstrance from Fanchette, who had overheard part of a conversation between the betrothed couple, and who was in the habit of using an old servant's

privilege of speaking plainly to her mistress when so minded. "I do not want to be rude—I despise myself for being rude, but help it I cannot. He irritates my nerves beyond all bearing. I sit still and listen to him as long as I can; I bite my tongue to make it keep silent; and then at last he gives me an opportunity of saying something that I know will hurt his feelings; and I feel that I must say it or die."

The old woman held up her wrinkled hands in amazement.

"I do not recognise you, Jeanne," she exclaimed. "You to take a delight in hurting another's feelings!—it is not like you. And that poor gentleman, too, who is so good—so generous——"

"Generous?" interrupted Jeanne, with a short laugh. "Oh, if he has been generous to you, Fanchette, you have, of course, a good reason for liking him. He has never given me any money, you see, so that he has not the same claim upon my gratitude."

"He has given you his heart, which is worth more than money," cried the old nurse, reddening. "And it is not at my age, and after thirty years of service in one family, that I should be accused of taking bribes, mademoiselle. And a pair of spectacles is not money, even if they be mounted in gold. Never, since I have been in this house, has any gentleman dared to offer me a present, except as a mark of esteem. Money, indeed! I have money of my own in the bank, as you know very well; and I could treat myself to fifty pairs of spectacles to-morrow without being ruined, if I felt so inclined. Decidedly, Jeanne, you are losing your head if you believe that old friends and honest folks are capable of such baseness." And Fanchette hobbled off in deep dudgeon.

Poor Jeanne was like a wounded animal; her first impulse was to turn upon those who laid a finger upon her hurts, and she could not always restrain herself from yielding to it. Her temper at this time was certainly not angelic; but the worst that could have been said of her has now been said. No one, except Saint-Luc, had much cause to complain of her conduct. Outsiders remarked no change in her, unless it were a slight increase of taciturnity, nor was it generally suspected that she was otherwise than satisfied with her destiny. The good sisters at the convent, in whose cool parlour she spent a great part of her days, thought her softened and improved; the little colony of poor and sick people whom she visited as usual rejoiced in the receipt of an increased bounty, and united in shrill lamentations over the too probable departure of their benefactress; the children at the Arab school lifted their little brown faces from their work and showed their white teeth when the beautiful, tall lady over whose *trousseau* they were busy came in, bringing the bag of bonbons which they had learnt to expect with her.

With all these worthy people, who were not of her world, Jeanne could get on well enough; but to receive the congratulations of her friends, to reply to their inquisitive questionings and parry their amiable innuendoes, was less easy.

The story of Léon's gambling *fiasco* had leaked out, as such stories will do, and, in a more or less garbled form, had reached the ears of

nearly all his acquaintances. Of these, some few were content to shrug their shoulders, remark that the young fellow was going to the devil, as they had always said he would, and to greet Saint-Luc with the additional respect due to a man of such evident ability ; but the majority, and especially the old ladies, were not going to let so delicious a bit of scandal die out without examining into its details. Taking the news of Léon's heavy losses in conjunction with that of his sister's engagement to the winner, they were unanimously of opinion that there was more in it all than met the eye ; and, further, that the subject was one which demanded, and would repay, careful sifting. Their congratulatory visits, therefore, were marked by sundry hints and insinuations which mystified the Duchess while they greatly alarmed Jeanne, in whom an incapacity for prevarication and a fine belief in the wickedness of lying had been implanted by her father, much to her subsequent inconvenience.

That the gossips would ere long have wormed the truth out of her is beyond a doubt, had not Saint-Luc luckily got wind of their suspicions and taken prompt measures to suppress them. He, poor fellow, had lived in a society which takes broad views of morality, and he had no scruple whatever in seeking out those old ladies, questioning them as to the information they had received, and meeting their statements with a categorical denial. He then went to M. de Monceaux, and made use of such brief and pithy arguments as to convince that gentleman that his life depended upon his contradiction of the reports which he admitted having had some share in spreading. De Monceaux made a wry face, but as he was always willing to oblige a friend in an inexpensive way, and, besides, infinitely preferred eating his words to being run through the body, he took occasion to pay a round of visits on the following day, and to mention, in the course of conversation, that he had been made the victim of a foolish hoax in the matter of young de Mersac's supposed losses—the stakes being, in reality, payable in *sous* and not in napoleons, as had been pretended.

Among those who experienced a natural feeling of disappointment at this announcement was Madame de Trémonville, whom de Monceaux met at her door in the act of alighting from her carriage. She had just returned from the Campagne de Mersac, whither she had betaken herself primed with acid-sweet congratulations, only to be refused admittance, and was consequently in no mood to wish her neighbours well.

"A hoax?" she repeated incredulously, when de Monceaux had concluded his brief explanation. "That sounds very improbable. Why should they have wished to make you think that they were playing for gold instead of copper?"

"Oh, as for that, I was not the only one taken in," replied de Monceaux, with ready mendacity. "De Mersac himself fully believed at the time that he was ruined ; and a fine fright he had. It was Saint-Luc who contrived to deceive him about the stakes, and to make him suppose that he had lost about four hundred times as much as he really had.

His object was to induce the young fellow to renounce gambling by showing him what it might lead him to, as the Spartans used to exhibit a drunken man to their sons, by way of disgusting them with intemperance. And I understand that he has succeeded."

"What kindness! and what morality! M. de Saint-Luc is really becoming too good for the society of such sinners as you and I. And to think that his pupil has also been mine!—with a difference. For while he has been striving to wean the poor little Marquis from the amusements of this life, I have been doing my small best to introduce him to them."

"Saint-Luc has more than once, in my presence, warned young de Mersac against the dangers of this house," observed M. de Monceaux, remembering that he owed his friend one. "I fear that you will lose your pupil, madame."

"You think so?" returned Madame de Trémonville, with a scornful laugh. "Stay and dine with us, and I flatter myself that before the evening is over you will have changed your mind. The Marquis makes his appearance in the drawing-room as punctually as the coffee. To tell the truth, I was beginning to find him terribly wearisome, and was thinking of giving him his *congé*; but since M. de Saint-Luc permits himself to caution people against visiting me, I shall let him see that my friends come here when I please, and as often as I please."

"Non vides quanto moveas periclo
Pyrrhe, Gætulæ catulos lænæ?"

murmured de Monceaux, as he followed the little lady into the hall. He added aloud, "Madame, no one knows better than I do that you are irresistible, but is it worth while to waste your time in making a slave of a raw lad? I can answer for one full-grown man who requires no persuasion to cast himself at your feet, and who——"

"It will be worth while if it amuses me," interrupted Madame de Trémonville, disregarding this flattering avowal. But she meant that it would be worth while if it annoyed Saint-Luc.

M. de Monceaux cared very little whether Léon were subjugated or no; but he liked a good dinner, and knew that Madame de Trémonville had a *chef* (passing rich upon thirty pounds a year) whom many a London club might have envied. Moreover, he thought it more than likely that a game of baccarat would be proposed before the evening was at an end, and baccarat was a form of gambling which usually brought him luck.

As the dinner-hour drew near, three young officers, evidently *habitués* of the house, entered; and shortly afterwards the whole party sat down to table, without waiting for M. de Trémonville, who had not yet returned from his bureau.

"My husband is very busy just now," the lady of the house remarked casually, as she finished her soup. "One can never tell at what hour he may come in. For the last three days he has been perpetually receiving

and sending off telegrams. By-the-by, messieurs, I hope you are all fond of Rhine wine, for I think you will drink very little else this autumn."

"Bah! there will be no war," said one of the officers.

"And why not, pray?" asked Madame de Trémonville, smiling in the superior fashion of one behind the scenes.

"Firstly, because I have no luck; secondly, because the Prussians are not ready; and thirdly, because it is impossible to declare war without a pretext. Besides, the Emperor is growing old, and the Mexican affair has damped his ardour for glory. We have already inflicted a humiliation upon the Prussians by making them withdraw their Prince Leopold, and, for my part, I scarcely see what more we should gain by a successful campaign."

"Prestige, and the left bank of the Rhine," answered M. de Monceaux, holding up his wine to the glow of the sunset.

"The revenge of Sadowa," said another.

"And of Nikolsburg," added a third.

"You none of you understand the situation," said Madame de Trémonville. "If the Emperor declares war, it will not be for the sake of glory or prestige—France has enough of both—nor to avenge fancied slights, nor even to rectify the eastern frontier—though that may become a political necessity—but to ensure peace. The Empire is peace; the country desires peace. We shall have it; but to obtain it we must make up our minds to pass through a short struggle. When our victorious armies enter Berlin, the tranquillity of Europe will be assured for the next half-century."

Madame de Trémonville was as ignorant of the history of past campaigns as she was of politics and of the art of war; but she was not more ignorant than the newspaper writers from whom she derived her information, such as it was; and, in common with the immense majority of her compatriots, she had a blind confidence in the reigning dynasty. "As for a pretext," she resumed, "that is easily found; and if we cannot discover one, we shall take the liberty of going to war without any. War is unavoidable, and we must take advantage of the first favourable moment to declare it."

"Ah, there is the question," remarked the officer who had spoken first. "Is the present moment a favourable one for us?"

Madame de Trémonville turned upon him with sovereign contempt. "Monsieur de Marcy," said she, "do you take His Majesty the Emperor for an imbecile? Is it likely that he would declare war if he were not sure of success?"

"War is not yet declared," said de Monceaux; "and I confess that I am a little of M. de Marcy's opinion. I think the Government will be satisfied with having given King William a slap in the face, and will go no further. I believe we are a match for the Prussians; but they are good soldiers, and Berlin is a long way from Paris, and we have no allies."

"No allies?" cried Madame de Trémonville. "Wait a little. I know from a sure source that Austria will join us as soon as the first shot is fired. Bavaria and Würtemberg, who can put some 80,000 men into the field between them, must follow suit. In this way Prussia, with an army of something like 700,000 men, including the reserves, will be hemmed in by forces amounting in all to 1,600,000; that is to say, that she will be outnumbered in the proportion of considerably more than two to one. If you think that is not enough to put King William back in his place, I will throw you in Hanover, who has been awaiting her opportunity for four years past."

These imposing figures did not fail to produce their effect upon the company, no member of which had sufficient knowledge of his own to verify or dispute them; and Madame de Trémonville, having secured the respectful attention of her audience, went on to expatiate upon the probable future policy of the conquering Emperor. With her enemies crushed, with the temporal power of the Pope assured, with religion freed from disturbing influences, and the machinations of disaffected plotters rendered abortive by the contentment of the nation, France would be at liberty to devote herself to the fulfilment of her destiny—that of leading the world in the path of civilisation. The standing army might be reduced, taxation diminished, and a new era of government, combining the blessings of constitutional freedom with those of order and discipline, inaugurated. Under the benevolent sway of a dynasty secure alike against aggression abroad and treason at home, industry would take a fresh start, science would be encouraged, the arts fostered, and, lastly, a Court would gather at the Tuileries which for brilliancy, refinement, and elegance would surpass any known to history or tradition. Madame de Trémonville waxed so enthusiastic over this portion of her subject that she pursued it without intermission until dinner was at an end, and carried it with her into the drawing-room afterwards. She was predicting the speedy advent of a somewhat equivocal millennium when the entrance of Léon diverted her thoughts into another channel, and recalled her to actualities.

"How late you are!" she cried, greeting the infatuated youth with a reproachful look which set his silly heart beating.

"On the contrary, madame, I am ten minutes before my usual time," he answered innocently.

"But when I tell you that you are late! Do you not know, M. de Mersac, that a well-bred man never contradicts a lady? You are unpardonably rude this evening."

"Madame, I apologise most humbly."

"On your knees, then, or I will not forgive you."

The young idiot actually plumped down upon his knees in the middle of the room, and Madame de Trémonville, darting a mischievous glance over her shoulder at de Monceaux, gravely accorded the desired pardon.

"But we must have no disloyal subjects here this evening," she added. "When you came in, M. le Marquis, we were discussing the prospects of war. At such a time as this you must waive considerations of party, and cry '*Vive l'Empereur*,' or we shall send you home again."

"Madame!—"

"Do as I command you, or retire. Our patriotism will be content with nothing less."

"*Vive l'Empereur!*" ejaculated Léon in such lugubrious accents that there was a general outburst of laughter.

"Bravo!" cried Madame de Trémonville, patting him approvingly on the shoulder. "You have said your lesson well, and you shall have your reward. I will sing to you, and you shall turn over my music for me."

What fascination was there about this vulgar little woman that could induce Léon, who, after all, was a gentleman, though a foolish one, to parade his subjection to her in so public a fashion? There is no answer to such questions; but the phenomena which suggest them may be witnessed any day nearer home than Algeria. The young marquis was not the first man who, falling a victim to the enchantments of this Circe, had been forced by her to exhibit himself to the world in a shape half melancholy, half contemptible. It soothed her self-love to see her admirers grovelling before her; and on this particular evening, the boast which she had made to de Monceaux caused her to be more capricious and imperious than usual. She made Léon fetch and carry for her like a dog; she bullied and petted him by turns; and to show his perfect docility, ordered him first to sing "*Partant pour la Syrie*," which he did with a very bad grace, and then to read aloud a newspaper article in which a lively historical parallel was drawn between the Comte de Chambord and Rip van Winkle.

It was an exhibition of much the same nature as may be seen in any travelling menagerie. An elephant balancing his unwieldy body upon an inverted tub, firing a pistol with his trunk, and raising himself clumsily upon his hind legs is not a beautiful, an imposing, or even a comical spectacle; but there are people who think such sights worth paying for, and de Monceaux was very well amused by Léon's performance, though the other young men, who all this time were left to entertain one another, thought it a trifle tedious.

A diversion was at length created by the appearance of M. de Trémonville, who walked into the room looking tired and harassed, and with no trace of his customary smiling, official sleekness about him.

"Messieurs," said he, taking off his spectacles and rubbing them slowly with his silk pocket-handkerchief, "I bring you the news of the declaration of war."

A volley of exclamations and questions greeted this announcement. Everybody began to speak at once. When had the news arrived? Was it certainly true? Had France or Prussia declared war? What was

the cause assigned?—and so forth. When M. de Trémonville could get a hearing, he satisfied the impatience of his questioners to the best of his ability. The Governor-General had received a telegram announcing that the King of Prussia having refused to give audience to M. Benedetti, diplomatic relations between the two countries had been broken off, and that an aide-de-camp was now on his way to Berlin with the formal declaration of war. The Chasseurs d'Afrique were under orders to proceed immediately to France, and other regiments were to follow as soon as transports could be got ready to embark them. The Governor-General himself was to take command of an army corps, and would probably leave in the course of a few days. It was said that the Emperor would assume the command-in-chief in person. M. de Trémonville communicated all this intelligence soberly, almost dolorously, for the turn that affairs had taken inspired him with some anxiety. He was not a specially far-sighted man, but he had a keen eye to his own interests, and he perceived that, whatever brilliant prospects an appeal to arms might hold out to military men, it could offer none whatever to bureaucrats. To the latter class victory would bring no advancement, whereas a disaster, which would undoubtedly hurl the Emperor Napoleon from his throne, would only too certainly sweep away a large proportion of his civilian employés with him. "*C'est fâcheux*," murmured M. de Trémonville in conclusion, as he rubbed his spectacles.

But nobody paid any attention to him—least of all his wife. That patriotic lady had seated herself before the piano, and now, after striking a few stirring chords, broke forth into the first words of the Marseillaise. Her shrill voice rang through the house—

"Allons enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!"

"Join, all of you, at the end of the verse," she cried; and her enthusiasm gained the company. They ranged themselves in a group behind her, and presently the ears of the passers-by on the high road caught the first sound of a chorus which was soon to become very familiar to them—

"Aux armes, citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons."

Léon, to whom this revolutionary song was anathema—M. de Monceaux, who was past the age for enthusiasm—Madame de Trémonville, who in her heart cared for neither dynasty, nor country, nor any person or thing except herself, all forgot themselves in a sudden access of exaltation, and sang at the highest pitch of their voices, concluding with a tremendous shout of "*Vive la France!*"

Meanwhile, M. de Trémonville, unmoved in the midst of all this excitement, continued to rub his spectacles in the corner where he was seated apart, murmuring, "*C'est fâcheux*."

Influence of the Mind on the Body.

A FEW months ago we considered in these pages the influence of bodily illness as a mental stimulant, or rather (as perhaps we might have named the article but for the undue length of such a title) the abnormal activity sometimes evinced by the mind at seasons of great bodily prostration or disturbance. We propose now to consider the somewhat more familiar, but not less instructive phenomenon,—the strange influence of the mind on the body. There are few circumstances in mental physiology more surprising when rightly understood, few perhaps more suggestive, than this, that ideas conceived in the mind,—that is, as we are in the habit of supposing, the results of processes taking place in the grey matter of the brain,—should influence not only voluntary but involuntary bodily processes, nay, not only respiration, circulation, and so forth, but the various processes of secretion on which the nutrition of different parts of the body depends. There is no novelty, of course, in the recognition of this circumstance, though we venture to express the belief that quite a large proportion of those who may read this article will find considerable novelty in some of the evidence we shall adduce. But the fact that the relations here considered have long been recognised by physicians and students of mental physiology, does not detract from the interest of the problem presented by these relations. It may truly be said that as yet they have not been in the least degree explained. Yet the problem is not one which appears at a first view so hopelessly beyond all our attempts at solution, as some which are connected with mental and corporeal matters. We can understand, for instance, that the student of mental physiology should at present turn hopelessly from the attempt to explain how thought should in any way depend on changes in the substance of the brain, or again, from the task of attempting to determine how, by any process of evolution, the phenomena of consciousness should have been developed from cerebral changes which in their simpler form appear to result in automatic movements. But we have no such seemingly hopeless problem in the subject now to be considered. For in reality it amounts simply to the question how or why certain changes in one part of the body lead to changes in other parts of the body. The distinctions between mind and matter, between thought and cerebral activity, are not here involved. A problem apparently physical, and physical only, is submitted to our investigation. Yet hitherto the solution of this problem has not been attained; nor indeed does there seem at present to be good reason for regarding it as attainable.

Let us turn, however, to the consideration of certain remarkable illustrations of the influence of the mind on bodily functions. The subject is specially suited for the use of the inductive method. Indeed, the chief difficulty we are likely to find in the application of this method resides in the probability that our space will be too limited to afford room even for a single instance of each class of illustrative cases.

By a coincidence it so chanced that the great modern advocate of the inductive method of research—Francis Bacon—supplies a very effective piece of evidence as to the influence of the imagination on external growths which seem to have their origin in deficient vitality of certain parts of the external surface of the body—as warts, wens, and the like. Bacon did not, however, treat the evidence afforded in his own case with the acumen which might have been expected from the inductive philosopher. “I had from my childhood,” he says, “a wart upon one of my fingers; afterwards, when I was about sixteen years old, being then at Paris, there grew upon both my hands a number of warts, at the least an hundred in a month’s space. The English ambassador’s lady, who was a woman far from superstition” (a statement which must be taken *cum grano*), “told me one day she would help me away with my warts; whereupon she got a piece of lard with the skin on, and rubbed the warts all over with the fat side; and amongst the rest that wart which I had from my childhood; then she nailed the piece of lard, with the fat towards the sun, upon a post of her chamber window, which was to the south. The success was that within five weeks’ space all the warts were quite away, and that wart which I had so long endured for company. But at the rest I did little marvel, because they came in a short time, and might go away in a short time again; but the going away of that which had stayed so long doth yet stick with me.”

Bacon considered the result of the experiment to have been due to some sympathy which he supposed to exist between the lard and the warts after they had once been in contact. It is difficult for us to understand how so absurd an explanation could even for a moment have been entertained by Bacon,—not when, as a mere boy, the experiment was successfully tried upon him, but in after years, when he had learned to study the relations of cause and effect. The servant who places a poker across the top bar of the grate, under the impression that in some occult way the fire will be made to burn more actively through this arrangement, adducing this or that case in which a fire so treated did burn up as sufficient proof that the method is infallible, does not seem to reason (if one can call such a mental process reasoning) more absurdly than Bacon did when the experiment which so “stuck with him” satisfied him that the drying of grease which had once touched his warts could cause the warts themselves to disappear, though the skin was hung up in one place while he and his warts were in other places, and no contact remained between the warts and the skin of lard.

If the idea of some occult sympathy between the fat and the warts could really arise in a mind "far from superstition," one would suppose it must have occurred to Bacon that the justice of this idea could be very readily put to the test. He had only to apply a skin of lard to some one's warts, and then submit the skin to a variety of more active processes than mere sun-drying, inquiring whether the warty person found sudden relief, sudden pain, or any effect whatever, when the nature of such experiments was kept concealed from the said patient. One can understand that those who were not far from superstition might imagine the experiment to be really rendered effective by charms, prayers, and incantations, or by some mystical ceremonies or other which were not disclosed to the patient. We know that in Bacon's time, and to a far later date, the efficiency of such magic devices was believed in by many who called themselves philosophers. To this day there are many who are foolish enough to indulge in such beliefs. But Bacon regarded the process of cure as purely natural, though, as one would suppose, the evidence against such a view should have appeared insurmountable to a man of his reasoning power. We must, however, remember that in his day it must have appeared almost, if not quite as unreasonable to assume that the imagination could affect a part of the body, as that some secret sympathy might exist between a part of the body and some substance which had touched it. Many readers will remember that Sir Kenelm Digby, in a work published as late as 1658, discusses gravely the influence produced on a badly wounded hand by bathing a garter, which had been stained with the blood, in a basin of water wherein a certain powder had been dissolved. "As soon as the bloody garter was put within the bason," the wounded man "started suddenly as if he had found some strange alteration in himself." "I asked him what he ailed?" proceeds the narrator. "'I know not what ailes me, but I find that I feele no more pain. Methinks that a pleasing kind of freshnesse, as it were a wet cold napkin, did spread over my hand, which had taken away the inflammation that tormented me before.' I replied, 'Since then that you feel already so good effect of my medicaments, I advise you to cast away all your plaisters; only keep the wound clean, and in a moderate temper betwixt heat and cold.' This was presently reported to the Duke of Buckingham, and a little after to the King, who were both very curious to know the circumstance of the businesse, which was" (the story is not so distinct here as could be wished), "that after dinner I took the garter out of the water, and put it to dry before a good fire. It was scarce dry, but Mr. Howell's servant came running, that his master felt as much burning as ever he had done, if not more, for the heat was such as if his hand were 'twixt coles of fire. I answered, although that had happened at present, yet he should find ease in a short time; for I knew the reason of this new accident, and would provide accordingly; for his master should be free from that inflammation, it may be, before he could possibly return to him; but in case he found

no ease, I wished him to come presently back again; if not, he might forbear coming. Thereupon he went; and at the instant I did put again the garter into the water: thereupon he found his master without any pain at all. To be brief, there was no sense of pain afterward; but within five or six days the wounds were cicatrized, and entirely healed." Sir Walter Scott, in speaking of such stories as these, expresses the opinion that possibly the cure may have resulted from the care with which the wound was in the first place washed. It will be observed, however, that Sir Kenelm Digby's account does not countenance this explanation. Nor, if one could accept it as it stands, could one adopt the idea that the imagination of the patient produced the changes of feeling described. For it is clearly stated that the patient felt relief before he knew that the garter had been placed in the basin of water; that the pain returned when the "chirurgion" in another house had dried the garter, and that the pain disappeared before the return of the messenger who carried back the promise of relief. If such stories as these were current in Bacon's time, and were generally believed, his explanation of the disappearance of his warts, confirmed as it seemed by what he knew of the actual circumstances, may have seemed to him as philosophical as to us it appears absurd.

So the faith, which prevailed for many years after Bacon's time, in the efficacy of the Royal Touch must be regarded as based to some degree on evidence, though the evidence was misunderstood. In days when many believed that a certain divinity doth hedge a king, it was natural that in the first place the imaginations of those folks of feeble vitality and often of deficient mental power, who were brought to kings to be touched, should be so far affected as to cause such bodily changes as we now know to be produced by a strongly excited imagination, and that in the second place the persons thus cured and those who heard of such cures should attribute the effect to the virtue of the kingly touch, not to the influence of mere mental processes. Dr. Todd, in his *Influence of the Mind on the Body*, quotes a singular passage from a book by Browne of Norwich, surgeon to King Charles II.—a book rejoicing in the title *Adenochoiradelogia; or, a Treatise of Glandules, and the Royal Gift of Healing them*. "A Nonconformist child, in Norfolk," says Browne in the passage referred to, "being troubled with scrofulous swellings, the late deceased Sir Thomas Browne, of Norwich, being consulted about the same, his Majesty being then at Breda or Bruges, he advised the parents of the child to have it carried over to the king (his own method being used ineffectually); the father seemed very strange at his advice, and utterly denied it, saying the touch of the king was of no greater efficacy than any other man's. The mother of the child, adhering to the doctor's advice, studied all imaginable means to have it over, and at last prevailed with the husband to let it change the air for three weeks or a month; this being granted, the friends of the child that went with it, unknown to the father, carried it to Breda, where the king touched it,

and she returned home perfectly healed." The worthy doctor is careful that the moral of the story should not be overlooked. "The child being come to its father's house, and he finding so great an alteration, inquires how his daughter arrived at this health. The friends thereof assured him, that if he would not be angry with them they would relate the whole truth; they having his promise for the same, assured him they had the child to be touched at Breda, whereby they apparently let him see the great benefit his child received thereby. Hereupon the father became so amazed that he threw off his Nonconformity, and expressed his thanks in this manner:—'Farewell to all dissenters, and to all non-conformists; if God can put so much virtue into the king's hand as to heal my child, I'll serve that God and that king so long as I live, with all thankfulness.'" It was found later that Hanoverian kings had the same power as the Stuart, even as old Aubrey had noted of the Yorkist and Lancastrian kings. "The curing of the King's Evil," he said, "by the touch of the king, does much puzzle our philosophers, for whether our kings were of the house of York or Lancaster, it did the cure for the most part." And so no doubt it would if the patient had been touched by one of the Gentlemen of the Bedchamber, or by the valet of such a one, or, in fine, by Tom Noakes or John Styles, so only that the patient was fully persuaded he had been touched by the rightful monarch.

Another "royal personage" succeeded (by a coincidence singular enough, at the same place, Breda) in curing a number of men of a much more active disorder, though in this case the imagination was aided chiefly by the ideas suggested by medicine bottles of orthodox shape, not solely by faith in royal blood. During the siege of Breda in 1625, many soldiers of the Prince of Orange's army were prostrate with scurvy. The mortality was serious, the patients having altogether lost heart. "This," says Dr. Frederic van der Mye, who was present, "was the most terrible circumstance of all, and gave rise to a variety of misery; hence proceeded fluxes, dropsies, and every species of distress (*omne chaos morborum*), attended with a great mortality." At length the Prince of Orange sent word to the sufferers that they should soon be relieved, and provided with medicines pronounced by doctors to be wonderfully efficacious in the cure of scurvy. "Three small phials of medicine were given to each physician, not enough for the recovery of two patients. It was publicly given out that three or four drops were sufficient to impart a healing virtue to a gallon of liquor." "We now," says Van der Mye, "displayed our wonder-working balsams, nor were even the commanders let into the secret of the cheat put upon the soldiers. They flocked in crowds about us, every one soliciting that part might be reserved for their use. Cheerfulness again appears in every countenance, and a universal faith prevails in the sovereign virtue of the remedy. . . . The effect of the delusion was really astonishing: for many quickly and perfectly recovered. Such as had not moved their limbs for a month before were seen walking the streets sound, upright, and in

perfect health. They boasted of their cure by the Prince's remedy. . . . Many who declared that they had been rendered worse by all former remedies, recovered in a few days, to their inexpressible joy, and the no less general surprise, by taking (almost by their having brought to them) what we affirmed to be *their gracious Prince's cure*." We may add that on another occasion widespread scurvy was suddenly cured in a very different way : it is stated on good authority, says Dr. Todd, " that in 1744 the prospect of a naval engagement between the British and allied fleet had the effect of checking the scurvy."

Scurvy being related closely to disorders of a kind which have been known in many cases to yield to the action of the imagination, the reader may be more struck probably by cases in which the actual progress of internal organic diseases would seem to have been arrested by psychical means. Some thirty years ago Sir John Forbes mentioned some remarkable instances of this kind, which had been described in a very interesting paper communicated to the *British and Foreign Naval Review* by a naval surgeon whose high character was well known to him. Most of these cases are not such as could be advantageously described in full in these pages. The following account, one of the most striking, has been abridged and verbally modified (not at all altered in essentials) to render it more suitable for our readers. In July 1845, the company of a Government ship were attacked by an epidemic complaint, which in the severer instances led to a severe form of dysentery. Among those who suffered most was a first-class petty officer, who, though he had had but a mild attack of dysentery, had been much distressed by some of the sequels of the disorder. To remove these, very powerful medicines had been employed, and successfully, save in this respect that intense irritation of the stomach had been produced, from which the patient suffered severely. External irritants were employed until the poor fellow's skin became perfectly callous; sedatives were given until his senses were muddled; but he seemed to obtain not the least relief. " This being so," says the writer, " I determined to try the effect of mental influence. Stating to him, as I did to the other men, that as his disease was most obstinate, so was it necessary to have recourse to desperate means to relieve it; that with his sanction I would therefore put him under a medicine which it was necessary to watch with the greatest attention lest its effects should prove most prejudicial, perhaps fatal, and so forth. Having by these statements made an impression, it became necessary to keep it up. This was done by repeated visits, at all hours of the day and night, and by expressing on these occasions the most intense anxiety as to the effect of the very powerful and dangerous medicaments. This was not a case in which a sudden effect could be expected to be produced, whatever might be the means employed. Symptoms of disease existed which bore too close a resemblance to those of an organic order to admit of hope of a sudden, if even of tardy relief." (It will be seen presently that unmistakable evidence was afterwards obtained of the

existence of such organic mischief as the surgeon at this time feared.) "Hence the pills (*bread*, of course) were given every sixth hour only. Within twenty-four hours the man's sufferings were decidedly less. Within four days he was almost free from pain. On the sixth day he was quite so; his pills were omitted; and at the end of a fortnight he was again at duty with a clear eye, a healthy skin, and was rapidly regaining his flesh. Here, as in most cases where this method has been tried, the diet and drink have been left unrestricted. Occasionally, however, it became necessary to taboo some article, lest its coming in contact with the remedy might prove most destructive; in other words, articles were occasionally forbidden when the mind seems to be inclined to lose sight of what must be made the all-important subject of thought by night and day. The wonderful improvement in this man's state was frequently commented on by both officers and men, who of course were, and still are, as little acquainted with the means employed as the patient himself was."

This case is so remarkable that we might well be disposed to consider that the man's cure was not in reality effected by the means to which the surgeon attributed it. Might not the illness, for instance, have been on the point of yielding to the remedies used before the mental method was tried? Or may there not have been some other cause at work? for to mention no other, a patient on board ship may have changes of climate unlike those ordinarily experienced by the patient on land. One feels disposed at a first view of the case to prefer an explanation based on the possibility of some such causes as these having acted, than one which in reality requires us to believe that a man (and one too, be it remembered, not specially trained, like some Eastern devotees, to fix his attention constantly on his interior), by thinking constantly about the good effects of a supposed medicine upon his stomach and intestines, could actually cause organic changes to take place in these *viscera*. The case would then be a singular introversion of the state of things described by Macbeth. He says, "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?" But here the physician throws his physic on one side, not because he cannot minister to a mind diseased, but because he believes a healthy mind has the power of ministering to a diseased body when physic has altogether failed. The memory (of bread pills and of their imagined potency) was here trusted to pluck from the intestines a rooted trouble, the brain was called upon to raze out the written troubles of the stomach. For it appeared afterwards that these troubles *were* written (at least in the poetic sense in which Shakspeare uses the word). They had, at any rate, made their mark. Let the rest of the story be carefully noted. "It may be said," proceeds the narrator, "that this case, as above given, goes for nothing, in so far as it does not show that the pains were anything but casual; in which case any other mode of treatment, or very likely no mode at all" (doubtless the reader has already thought of the possibility that the medicines made most of the mischief) "would have

been equally successful ; or it may be again, as it has before been said, that it " [the disease, presumably] " was altogether feigned, and that the commanding officer would have made a better and quicker cure. I think not ; and for the following reasons : the man's flesh had wasted ; his eye became sunken ; his skin sickly in hue, as well as in feeling : his sleep, when he had any, was of the most disturbed character. But more than all, the pain after some weeks returned, and the other bad symptoms followed in its wake ; *yet both it and they were both relieved a second time by the same means.* While suffering from a third attack he was sent to the Royal Naval Hospital at Malta, and there, after much suffering, he brought up by vomiting a portion of the mucous membrane of one of the small intestines " . . . clearly recognisable by a well-trained medical eye. " I am distinctly assured," says our author, " by one of the officers of the establishment, that he most carefully examined the ejected matter, and that its characters were so marked that there could be no room for a doubt as to what it was. This being so, we have pretty clear proof that disease existed long before this slough was thrown off ; and that even this organic disease was suspended, on two occasions, by mental influence only."

The question how far it is a legitimate medical practice to deceive a patient in such a case as the above has been raised by Dr. Todd, and is answered by him in a way which seems open to objection. " Nothing," he says, " can justify our asserting what is not true in order to gain the patient's confidence." And elsewhere, " in regard to misleading patients generally, even *causâ scientie*, one of the practical difficulties the investigation into the influence of the imagination presents, is certainly the unseemliness of making experiments of this nature, and the danger of sullyng that strict honour which by no profession is more prized or maintained than by the professors of the medical art." If the cause were that of science alone, this emphatic opposition to the misleading of a patient may be regarded as justified. But there certainly seems an excess of strictness in objecting to the deception of a patient for his own good. If a doctor is perfectly satisfied that a patient will not recover without a strong mental effort, and that this effort will certainly not be made unless the patient is misled with regard to the nature of the treatment, the doctor might fairly consider it his duty to " assert what is not true to gain the patient's confidence." An adherence to veracity so scrupulous as to outweigh the life of a fellow-creature may appear deserving of admiration when dealt with in a treatise on morals, but in actual life would be altogether objectionable. If it be urged that liberty to deviate in some such cases from strict truth might be open to abuse, it may at once be answered that so also would liberty to select the strictly veracious course (under any circumstances) be open to abuse. Consider, for instance, the following case, which is by no means an imaginary one. A man is lying prostrate under a very dangerous illness, and it is known to all who attend on him that any severe mental shock must inevitably prove

fatal to him, but that if for a few days he can be kept free from mental disturbance he will recover. He sends a messenger to inquire about the health of a beloved relative whom he knows to be in a critical condition, or exposed perhaps to some special form of danger distinct from illness. The messenger, when he reaches that relative's house, is informed that death has been there before him. Shall he return and tell the patient the truth, thereby certainly killing him? Let it be assumed that he must at any rate take some message back; protracted anxiety being, let us assume, as dangerous for the patient as the sudden shock of illness. He can do only one of two things:—tell the truth and kill, or assert what is not true and spare the patient's life. Few will question what he ought to do. But the question may be raised, is he to be regarded even as free to choose? He holds for the time being the patient's life in his hands; he can kill or spare; if he kills, how should he escape reprobation? And might he not be so situated that liberty to choose one or other course might be abused if he told the truth? His fatal veracity might not be the offspring of a tender conscience, but of greed or some other evil passion. The doctor in the cases considered by Todd is somewhat similarly circumstanced. He is satisfied that there is a chance, at any rate, of saving life, if his patient is assured that certain substances are medicines potent to cure. Is he justified in refusing to his patient this chance of life? Doctors might unquestionably use for a wrong purpose the right of misleading a patient for his good; but they might use for a worse purpose the right (if they possessed it) of killing him with the blunt truth.

A singular case, bearing in some degree on the right to mislead a patient, was described a few months ago in a public address by a well-known American doctor. A young lady in one of the Western States was convinced that a bristle of her tooth-brush had become imbedded in her throat, and was causing mischief there, which would terminate fatally if the foreign body were not removed. The family doctor, and after him several physicians of repute, examined her throat, and all agreed in assuring her (which really was the case) that there was no bristle there at all. She continued to grow worse, the imaginary bristle causing all the effects which a real bristle might perhaps have caused—at any rate, all the effects which she imagined that a real bristle would cause. At last a young surgeon was consulted, who followed a different line of treatment. Looking long and carefully at her throat, and examining the afflicted part with several instruments, he at last gravely assured her that she was quite right; a bristle was there, and the inflammation she experienced was undoubtedly due to it. He could not, he said, remove the bristle at once, as the only instrument which would effectually reach it was at home. He went home for it, as he said, but really to enclose in an instrument of suitable form a bristle from a tooth-brush. Returning, he carefully nipped the skin of the throat where the young lady felt the pricking of the non-existent bristle, and after causing her enough dis-

comfort to satisfy her that this time the operation of extracting the bristle was certainly in progress, he withdrew the instrument in triumph, and along with it the bristle, which had indeed first entered her mouth in that instrument's company. From that time she recovered rapidly. For it will be understood that though there was no real cause for her fears, a real irritation had been excited by them, and organic mischief had resulted. The story ends here so far as our present subject is concerned, though as a tale it may seem to many incomplete without a few words more. The young surgeon, we are told, was highly in favour thenceforth. He had not only saved her life, as she supposed, but had shown her to have been right, and all her friends, as well as the other doctors, wrong. She would have accepted his hand but for the circumstance that, having already a wife, he omitted to offer it. She blazoned abroad his fame, however, until he had become famous "throughout the whole State." All would have ended pleasantly had he not in a moment of weakness confided the true explanation of the young lady's cure to his wife—of course, under promise of strict secrecy—which, however, did not prevent the story from reaching the young lady's ears in a few hours. It is hardly necessary to say that thenceforth her feelings towards the doctor were the reverse of those she had entertained before. True, she owed her cure to him, but the cure was worse than the illness.

In the case last considered, which, be it remembered, actually occurred, though probably some of the surroundings were a little altered by the narrator, the truth, supported though it was by the weight of authority, not of one doctor only but of several, was found ineffective to arouse the will of the patient even against a disease which had had its origin in her imagination only. We may well doubt then whether, if the influence of the mind on bodily processes were thoroughly recognised and admitted, it would be found possible to produce the same effect by a direct and truthful appeal to the will, as by misleading the patient. That some few persons of strong will could by a resolute effort check the process of actual disease in their internal organs, or excite processes of organic change resulting in cure, may be admitted,* but it must at the same time be admitted that in the large majority of cases this would not happen, even if the patient could be persuaded to make the attempt. It is only when unconscious of control that the ordinary mind is capable of directing the

* The writer offers the following experience with some diffidence, because the effects supposed to have resulted from an effort of the mind may be otherwise explained—possibly were due to mere coincidence. Still, such effects have been noticed, in so many cases, that he is disposed to explain them in the way suggested. It has frequently happened to him that during a busy week, fortnight, or month of lecturing, he has noticed signs of an incipient cold—such signs as under ordinary conditions have been nearly always followed by a severe cold with loss of voice. Now, he has observed that in the majority of instances of this kind, no such sequel has followed, although no greater care has been taken to check the progress of the cold than at other times. It is as though the strong feeling that he must not take cold prevented him from doing so.

attention fixedly in the way required. And of course, in the great majority of cases the doctor has to deal with men of ordinary mind, not with those possessing strong power of fixing the attention, and resolute will to exert that power.

What might be hoped from minds of such exceptional power we may learn from several instances which have been recorded in the history of medicine. Among the most remarkable is the case of Andrew Crosse, the electrician—a case so remarkable, indeed, that were it open to doubt, one might be disposed to reject it as incredible, or at any rate as explicable in any other way than as an instance of the power of the mind over the body.

Crosse had been bitten severely by a cat, which on the same day died from hydrophobia. He seems resolutely to have dismissed from his mind the fears which must naturally have been suggested by these circumstances. Had he yielded to them, as most men would, he might not improbably have succumbed within a few days or weeks to an attack of mind-created hydrophobia—so to describe the fatal ailment which ere now has been known to kill persons who had been bitten by animals perfectly free from rabies. Three months passed, during which Crosse enjoyed his usual health. At the end of that time, however, he felt one morning a severe pain in his arm, accompanied by severe thirst. He called for water, but “at the instant,” he says, “that I was about to raise the tumbler to my lips, a strong spasm shot across my throat; immediately the terrible conviction came to my mind that I was about to fall a victim to hydrophobia, the consequence of the bite that I had received from the cat. The agony of mind I endured for one hour is indescribable; the contemplation of such a horrible death—death from hydrophobia—was almost insupportable; the torments of hell itself could not have surpassed what I suffered. The pain, which had first commenced in my hand, passed up to the elbow, and from thence to the shoulder, threatening to extend. I felt all human aid was useless, and I believed that I must die. At length I began to reflect upon my condition. I said to myself, ‘Either I shall die or I shall not; if I do, it will only be a similar fate which many have suffered, and many more must suffer, and I must bear it like a man; if, on the other hand, there is any hope of my life, my only chance is in summoning my utmost resolution, defying the attack, and exerting every effort of my mind. Accordingly, feeling that physical as well as mental exertion was necessary, I took my gun, shouldered it, and went out for the purpose of shooting, my arm aching the while intolerably. I met with no sport, but *I walked the whole afternoon, exerting at every step I went a strong mental effort against the disease.* When I returned to the house I was decidedly better; I was able to eat some dinner, and drank water as usual. The next morning the aching pain had gone down to my elbow, the following it went down to the wrist, and the third day left me altogether. I mentioned the circumstance to Dr. Kinglake, and he said he certainly considered I had

had an attack of hydrophobia, which would possibly have proved fatal had I not struggled against it by a strong effort of mind."

It seems to us not unlikely that this case, besides illustrating the power of the mind in arresting disease, might serve, if carefully studied, to throw light on the nature of hydrophobia. We must assume, it should seem, that the mind can only act on the body by means of the nerves, which indeed may be regarded as simply outlying branches from the grand nerve-trunk—the brain. By strong mental effort the nervous system, either as a whole, or in some special region, is thrown into some condition which is not its normal condition, and in this abnormal state influences in some special manner the other tissues, either of the body as a whole, or of the part of the body in which the nerves are thus thrown into an abnormal state. Now it seems by no means impossible to ascertain experimentally what is the change of condition thus brought about by mental efforts to direct attention to special parts of the body. The recognition of the possibility that the progress of the hydrophobic disease in the body may be arrested by interposing in its way, as it were, a barrier of nervous system in this abnormal condition, might conceivably suggest some specific remedy for the disease, some process or medicament by which this abnormal condition might be brought about in cases where the mind and will were not sufficiently powerful to produce such an effect without aid from without.

Remembering the resemblance between some of the phenomena of hydrophobia and of lock-jaw, the following case, in which the cure of lock-jaw was attributed to the use of metallic tractors, further illustrates this particular point, for it was subsequently sufficiently demonstrated that all the results of metallic tractorism could be equally well produced with wooden or bone tractors painted to resemble metallic ones—in other words, that they were simply effects of imagination, strongly excited by the belief that metallic tractors have powerful curative effects. The account is given by the late Mr. John Vine Hall, of whom Dr. Todd remarks that his veracity was unimpeachable:—"Mrs. P., a poor woman in Wharf Lane, Maidstone, was seized with a lock-jaw four days ago, and continued in a most deplorable state, attended by a physician and a surgeon, till this morning, when she was completely cured in fifty minutes by the application of the tractors. The medical gentlemen had been exerting themselves to the utmost, in the kindest manner, and one of them said he would give a hundred guineas if he could save her life. This gentleman came into the room while I was in the act of using the tractors, which he had never seen before, but kindly said they should certainly have a fair chance, and he directed me where to apply them with the greatest advantage. I continued the operation for forty minutes without any apparent benefit, and then giving the tractors into the hands of the surgeon, returned to my own house, awaiting the issue of their further application. In about twelve minutes the surgeon (Mr. S.) came breathless with haste and delight to inform me that he had

himself continued the use of the tractors only ten minutes when the poor creature opened her mouth. Mr. S. was so fully persuaded of the efficacy of the tractors that he immediately purchased a pair for his own use. Mr. S. writes: 'The case is yours, the suggestion was yours; I merely continued the employment of the measure from the apparent helplessness of medical means in relieving the distressing complaint. Although previously to the employment of the tractors I had utterly given up the idea of saving my poor patient; although I feared medicine would prove wholly inefficacious, yet I am not prepared to say that certain death would have been the result; but I do not for a moment mean to impeach the effect of the tractors in this case. I feel conviction that they produced the cure.'

In passing we may note, with Dr. Todd, our surprise that after it had been conclusively proved by the experiments made by Dr. Haygarth and others with wooden tractors, that such cures as the above were really due to the effect of imagination, they should therefore have ceased to pay further attention to the matter. The result of their experiments was more interesting than would have been any demonstration of the potency of metallic tractors. They had established, in fact, the existence of a curative power in nature far more wonderful, and promising to be of far greater, because of far wider, utility than those mystical instruments. Yet having effected this great discovery, they treated it as if it were of no value whatever. Are we to suppose that if, when death was gradually approaching nearer and nearer to Mrs. P. of Maidstone, S. the surgeon, and Vine Hall the tractorian, had known what was afterwards established by Haygarth and others, they would have declined to use the means by which (through the influence on her imagination) the poor woman was actually cured? The conduct of Haygarth and the rest, after the efficiency of metallic tractors had been disproved, suggests that this would have been the course of medical men acquainted with Haygarth's results. In other words, having proved that a certain very potent method of cure derives its power from a source other than had been supposed, doctors seem to have agreed that therefore this remedy should no longer be employed, though the very researches by which they had detected the true nature of the remedy had at the same time indicated its wonderful efficacy. It is as though a physician called in by a family doctor to counsel him about a patient should suppose that a certain medicine which had proved of great service before his arrival contained quinine, but finding on analysis or otherwise that it contained other ingredients, and no quinine at all (satisfying himself, also, in the meanwhile, from observation, that it was of great service to the patient), should incontinently throw the bottle out of window. This, as Dr. Todd well remarks, "is at least as astonishing as that the public should believe in, and allow themselves to be cured by, the metallic tractors of Perkins, and be content to refer the influence to galvanism."

The case of Irving preaching under an attack of cholera, and actually overmastering that terrible disease in the struggle, is perhaps familiar to

many of our readers. But it so remarkably illustrates our subject that we can ill afford to omit it. During the cholera season of 1832, he was seized with "what was in all appearance, and to the conviction of medical men when described to them, that disease which had proved fatal to so many of our fellow-creatures." He had risen in perfect health. But by breakfast-time he had become very cold, and was in great agony. The usual symptoms of cholera presently supervened. A medical man informed Dr. Todd that to his knowledge Irving was in a state of dangerous collapse during one part of the morning. "With sunken eyes, pallid cheeks, and an altogether ghastly appearance, he tottered to the church, a quarter of a mile distant, and found another minister officiating for him." He was tempted, he tells us, to turn back, but summoned resolution to send a message to his brother minister that he would shortly take his place. In the meantime he stretched himself on three chairs in the vestry before the fire. "Even as I shifted my position," he says, "I endured much suffering, and was almost involuntarily impelled to draw up my limbs in order to keep the pain under. Nevertheless, when I stood up to attire myself for the pulpit, and went forward to ascend the pulpit-stairs, the pains seemed to leave me." With dimmed sight, his head swimming, and his breathing laboured, he grasped the sides of the pulpit and looked wistfully around, wondering what was to follow. Be it remembered that in his eyes disease was sin; faith only was needed to overcome all other bodily ills, save those due to accident or old age; and that disease seemed now likely to master him was evidence, as he thought, that he had sinfully lost hold of faith. It was a moral struggle (at least it seemed so to him), not a bodily contest in which he was engaged. As he thus stood contending against the evil spirit in imagination, but in reality bringing by strong effort of the will his natural energies to meet the progress of physical disease, the crisis came. In an instant "a cold sweat," he tells us, "chill as the hand of death, broke out all over my body, and stood in large drops upon my forehead and hands. From that moment I seemed to be strengthened." For more than an hour he preached with a fervour unknown to him—fervid preacher as he ever was before. He walked home, eating little. In the evening he preached in a crowded school-room, and next morning rose before the sun, strong and hearty as before the attack.

An agency competent, as these and many similar cases which might be cited seem to show, to check the progress of such maladies as hydrophobia, lock-jaw, and cholera, is one which deserves to be dealt with, not as an interesting illustration of psychological and physical relations, but as a potent remedial force worthy to take its place beside, if not above, any of the medicaments which doctors are at present in the habit of employing. But apart from this, the circumstance that powers so remarkable exist in the cerebral faculties suggests other purposes to which they might be applied. In the phenomena of hypnotism, or artificial somnambulism, we have some very striking evidence on this

point ; but it would lead us too far from our present subject to consider these, except in so far as they illustrate the influence of the mind on bodily disease. In this respect they supply some of the most remarkable evidence we have to consider.

Let it be premised before considering the phenomena of hypnotism, mesmerism, or whatever we choose to call them, that the theory of their being due to animal or any other sort of magnetism has been abundantly disproved. Of course, if it were otherwise, they would fall entirely outside the range of this essay. Nor, again, can they be in any way attributed to the influence of one mind on another, except in the way of suggestion. The cure of the naval officer considered above might be attributed in *this* sense to the action of the surgeon's mind on the patient's body, for it was the ideas advanced by the surgeon which excited the necessary action in the mind of the patient whereby the progress of disease in his body was checked. But as in that case the immediate remedial agent was (if the case is interpreted as above) the mental action of the sufferer, so all the phenomena of hypnotism are due to cerebral processes in the subject, these processes being simply initiated by the suggestions, more or less obvious, of the operator. We have said that the magnetic interpretation has been disproved, and equally we can assert that the supposed influence of the operator's mind on the subject's body has no real existence. We have not space here to consider the evidence ; but full evidence has been obtained that precisely as all the results of metallic tractorism (a special case of animal magnetism, as was supposed) can be obtained with wooden ones, so all the phenomena attributed to animal magnetism generally can be obtained without any magnetic influences, while the phenomena which had seemed to be excited by the active will of an operator are obtained in equal degree when he purposely diverts his thoughts to other matters. The only circumstance remaining unexplained in the phenomena of hypnotism is the strange power which the subject often possesses or seems to possess of reading the thoughts of the operator. But this may probably be regarded as simply illustrating the abnormal powers which the mind of the hypnotised possesses for the time being ; and indeed it is certain that the power of mind-reading acquired at such times (probably merely the power of recognising minute changes of expression, attitude, gesture, and so forth) is by no means limited to the operator ; in some of the most remarkable and the best attested instances the hypnotised person has been able to read the thoughts of any person to whom his attention has been directed.*

* It would seem, indeed, probable that the special cerebral condition excited in the hypnotised may be excited at will by some persons ; without the assistance of any operator they become subjects of their own mental control thus specifically exercised. Some remarkable cases of mind-reading (amongst others may be mentioned two described by Dickens—see *Forster's Life*—as exhibited by a French conjuror at the time of the Anglo-French alliance) seem explicable in no other way, and in this way explicable without any mysterious or preternatural agencies (which are, of course, *ex necessitate*, excluded from the scientific discussion of such matters).

Setting aside, however, all explanations based on hypotheses inconsistent with the known laws of physics, or on impressions supposed to be produced by one person's mind on another person's body—in fact, all such explanations as science is bound to reject—we find in the phenomena of hypnotism the most wonderful illustrations of the powers which the mind has over the body. We might consider here a number of cases illustrating the cure of paralysis and affections more or less obviously depending on the state of the nervous system; but it will be better to limit our attention at present to the far more striking cases in which a definite change has been produced in the condition of parts of the body which might be supposed altogether beyond the mental influence, that is so far as their organic structure was concerned. In relation to one remarkable case of the former kind described by Dr. Procter, of York (see the *Zoist* for 1851), in which the patient was averse to the trial and expected no result, whereas the cure was as complete in his case as if he had been full of faith in the magnetic passes, it is necessary to make some remarks. The case is not one which need be described here, but the inference that because of the patient's unbelief we must reject the theory that imagination had aught to do with the matter is one to be carefully considered. Dr. Todd has well pointed out that the essential point in these cases is not the encouragement of the expectation of cure, but the direction of the attention to the part of the body which is affected by disease. The unbelieving patient who at the same time is indifferent to the experiment would doubtless be an unpromising subject for the mental method; but a patient who took sufficient interest in the passes and other outward signs of mesmerism to be opposed to them, would probably be quite as favourable a subject for the method as one who took the same degree of interest in them because he believed in their efficacy.

The most striking illustrations of the effect of imagination excited, as when hypnotism or Braidism is produced, are those in which partial blindness has been cured, actual opacity of the cornea being removed. Where very weak sight has been quickly cured, we may assume that the weakness was in the optic nerve, or otherwise depended on the state of the nerves, but it will presently be seen that in other cases the structure of the eye has undergone a definite organic change.

To the former and less remarkable class of cases belongs the cure of Mrs. Stowe by Braid. She was forty-four years old, and had used spectacles for twenty-two years, not being able without them to distinguish even the capital letters of advertisements in a newspaper, nor the large heading of the paper. After being hypnotised by Braid for eight minutes she was able "to read both the large and small heading, and day, month, and date of the paper. Her sight continued to improve—she could thread her needle, No. 8, without spectacles," and Mr. Braid states that this remarkable increase of visual power has been retained. The case of Miss R. was equally remarkable. She had not only suffered from ophthalmia, but as a result of the partial blindness thus occasioned had

met with several accidents, some of which had further injured her eyes, insomuch that in January 1854 she was totally blind. She was placed under the care of a physician at Dublin during six weeks, and improved to some degree, "for the iris had become somewhat sensitive to light, and she was able to discern large objects, but could neither see to read nor write." She returned home, but her eyesight remained without further improvement, and at length her medical attendant recommended that she should be placed under Mr. Braid's care. He found no apparent physical imperfection to account for her impaired vision, nor at this time did she suffer from any pain about the head or eyes. She could not discern a single letter of the title-page of a book placed close to her, though some of the letters were a quarter of an inch long. Having placed the patient in the condition of artificial somnambulism, Mr. Braid "directed the nervous force to the eyes by wafting over them, and gently touching them occasionally, so as to keep up a sustained act of attention of the patient's mind to her eyes and the function of vision." (Some objection must be taken in passing to the statement that the nervous force was directed to the eyes, because it involves an assumption. The attention was directed to the eyes; what intervened between this act and the observed change in the patient's condition is a matter to be inferred, not stated.) In about ten minutes she was aroused from the hypnotic trance. "I now presented before her the title-page of the same book, when she instantly exclaimed with delight and surprise, 'I see the word commerce!' pointing to it. I told her she would see more than that presently, and in a little while she exclaimed, 'I see commercial,' then 'I see dictionary,' and shortly after, 'I see McCulloch;' but she could see nothing more. I told her that after a little rest I felt assured she would see still smaller print; and after a few minutes she was able to read 'London: Longman, Green, and Longmans.' Such was the result of my first process. After a second hypnotic operation the next day the patient could read, when first aroused, the whole of a title-page of a pamphlet, and in about five minutes after, she read two lines of the text. After another operation the same day she could read the small close print in the Appendix; and was able the same evening to write a letter home reporting progress for the first time for twelve months. She only required two more hypnotic operations, when she was found able to read the smallest-sized print in a newspaper, after which she left me quite cured, and, as I have heard, she continued well ever since."

The explanation in such cases would seem to be unmistakably that indicated by Braid in the expression to which we have taken exception above. By the actions which directed the attention to the act of vision, the nervous force would seem to have been directed along the channels from which some cause or causes had before unfortunately diverted it—the optic nerve and the various ramifications extending from it. These channels of communication between the brain and the eyes having been thus again opened, remained thenceforth as they had been before they

had been obstructed. Be it noticed that the words here used—nervous force, channel of communication, obstructed, opened, and so forth—must not be understood in their literal sense; they are simply convenient forms of expression for qualities, processes, &c., about which we know in reality very little.

But as we have said, cases like the last two throw far less light on the powers which the mind possesses over the body than those in which actual organic change results from the mental act, continued long enough. The following case, in which blindness (of one eye) was certainly not dependent on defective nerve-force, is in this sense particularly interesting. Mrs. S. had had severe rheumatic fever in 1839, during the course of which the left eye was affected, in such sort that both its internal and its external structure suffered injury. In 1842, when Mrs. S. first consulted Mr. Braid, this eye was free from pain, but was useless. More than half the cornea was covered by an opaque film, any object placed opposite the outer or left half of the eye (the temporal half, doctors prefer to call it), being seen through a dense haze; and objects placed towards the opposite side were seen very imperfectly, owing to the injury which the choroid and retina had sustained in the points on which the images of such objects were reflected. The opacity was not only an obstacle to distinct vision, but was also a source of annoyance from its disfigurement, being obvious even at a considerable distance. "Mrs. S. was a relation," Dr. Todd mentions, "of Mr. Braid, and was in his house three months before he operated upon her, during which time no change took place. Violent pain in the arm and shoulder induced her to submit to the hypnotic treatment, which proved successful; but what was more surprising, and quite unlooked for by Mr. Braid, her *sight* was so much improved that she was able to see everything in the room, and to name different flowers, and distinguish their colours, whilst the right eye was shut, which she had not been able to do for more than three and a half years previously. The operation was continued daily, and in a very short time *the cornea became so transparent that it required close inspection to observe any remains of the opacity*. After the first operation there was considerable smarting in the eye, which continued all night, and in a less degree after future operations, which no doubt" (be it remembered, it is not Mr. Braid, but Dr. Todd who expresses this opinion) "roused the absorbents, and effected the removal of the opacity. Stimulating the optic nerve to greater activity, however, must have been the chief cause of the very rapid improvement which enabled her to see objects after the second operation. Mr. Braid adds to the foregoing, that objects were seen from the temporal side of the eye much more distinctly than from the nasal side, owing to the irreparable damage the retina and choroid had sustained."

Instances of the cure of deafness must in the great majority of cases be ascribed to the increase in the flow of nervous force along the aural nerves, and, therefore, are not quite so surprising as the case just cited

and others of a like nature. Still some of them have been very remarkable. Take, for instance, Mr. Braid's account of the cure of Nodan, a deaf mute, aged 24, who, according to the opinion of Mr. Vaughan, head master of the Deaf and Dumb Institute where Nodan was a pupil, had never had the power of hearing, properly so called. "After the first operation," says Mr. Braid, "(inducing hypnotism, then extending the limbs and fanning the ears), I satisfied myself he had no sense of hearing; but after the second, which I carried still further, he could hear, and was so annoyed by the noise of the carts and carriages when going home that he could not be induced to call on me again for some time. He has been operated on only a few times, and has been so much improved, that although he lives in a back street, he can now hear a band of music coming along the front street, and will go out to meet it. I lately tested him, and found he could hear in his room on the second floor a gentle knock on the bottom stair. His improvement, therefore, has been decided and permanent, and is entirely attributable to hypnotism, as no other means were adopted in his case." In other words, the cure was entirely attributable to that special form of mental activity which is excited, or, at any rate, becomes available, in the case of hypnotised patients.

We have seen how, through the influence of the mind upon the body, the blind have been made to see, the deaf to hear; we may next consider cases in which the lame have been made to walk—nay, even to dance—by no other influence. Among the experiments by which it was shown that wooden tractors are as effective, *if only they are properly painted*, as iron ones, Dr. Alderson mentions the following:—"Robert Wood, aged 67, on June 4 was operated upon with wooden tractors for a rheumatic affection of the hip, which he had had for eight months. During the application of the tractors, which was continued for about seven minutes, no effects were produced, except a profuse perspiration and a general tremor. On ceasing the application of the tractors, to his inexpressible joy and our satisfaction, the good effects of our labour were now produced and acknowledged; for he voluntarily assured me that he could walk with perfect ease, that he had the entire motion of the joint, and that he was free from pain—to use his own words: 'As to the pain I have now, I do not care if I have it all my life; that will matter nothing. You may take your medicines—I'll have no more of them!' And prior to his leaving the infirmary, he remarked how very warm those parts were where the tractors had been applied; and then walked from the infirmary to his own house, assuring his companion that he could very well walk to Beverley." In another case no tractors were used, or any other mysterious form of apparatus employed to excite attention; the attraction used was not magnetic nor electrical, but an attraction of a very different kind, not as yet considered among medical remedies—except, by the way, in one case which occurs to us at the moment, and will be found fully recorded, prescription and all, in the pages of *Hard Cash*, though the remedy is there prescribed to cure an ailment for which it seems in some degree more appropriate. A young lady of sixteen (we

are describing a real case, not the case of Julia Dodd) had for many months been suffering from an inversion of the left foot, which was twisted at right angles with the other, and was treated by orthopædic surgeons with an elaborate apparatus of splints. Neither they, nor Mr. Skey (though he recognised the nature of the affection), succeeded in curing it. Psychical agents, however, effected a cure in a few minutes. She willed to use her foot like other people, and she did. "She accompanied her family to a ball," says Mr. Skey, in the *Medical Times and Gazette* for October 13, 1866; "her foot, as she entered the ball-room, being not yet restored to its normal position. She was invited to dance, and, under this novel excitement, she stood up, and to the astonishment of her family she danced the whole evening, having almost suddenly recovered the healthy muscular action of the limb. She came to see me two days afterwards. She walked perfectly well into my room, and paced the room backwards and forwards with great delight. The actions of the limb were thoroughly restored, and all trace of the previous malady had disappeared."

After reading such accounts as these, accounts given by soberly-minded medical men, who would naturally be inclined rather to limit unduly than unduly to exaggerate the power which the mind of the patient may possess over the diseased body, it becomes easy to explain the accounts of seemingly miraculous cures which are published from time to time in various religious (and also in some scarcely religious) journals. Amongst such cases we may cite as particularly credible, when once the influence of the imagination is recognised, the so-called miracles performed by Prince Hohenlohe, for he combined with the princely title,* and the imagined efficacy of royal blood, the attributes of the priest, and personal qualities admirably suited to influence the minds of the weaker sort of men. In one case certainly, in which he cured a man of deafness, his princely position can hardly have helped him much, for the man was also a prince of the blood,—Louis, ex-King of Bavaria. Louis's letter describing his own cure, and other wonders, is very curious. It is addressed to Count von Sinsheim. "My dear Count," he says, "there are still miracles. The ten last days of the last month, the people of Würzburg might believe themselves in the times of the Apostles. The deaf heard, the blind saw, the lame freely walked, not by the aid of art, but by a few short prayers. . . . On the evening of the 28th, the number of persons cured of both sexes, and of every age, amounted to more than twenty. These were of all classes of the people, from the

* Dr. Todd remarks, with sly humour, that Hohenlohe's "name and titles had probably much to do with his influence. They were Alexander Leopold Franz Emerich, Prince of Hohenlohe-Waldenburg-Schillingsfürst, Archbishop and Grand Provost of Grosswardein, Hungary, and Abbot of St. Michael's at Gaborjan." How should such a name fail! Hohenlohe was born in 1794, in Waldenburg, and educated in several universities. He officiated as priest at Olmütz, Munich, &c. "When twenty-six," Dr. Todd adds, "he met with a peasant who had performed several astonishing cures, and from him caught the enthusiasm which he subsequently manifested in curing the sick. He constantly appealed to their faith in his power."

humblest to a prince of the blood; who, without any exterior means, recovered, on the 27th, at noon, the hearing which he had lost from his infancy. This cure was effected by a prayer made for him, during some minutes, by a priest, who is scarcely more than twenty-seven years of age—the Prince Hohenlohe. Although I do not hear so well as the majority of the persons who are about me, there is no comparison between my actual state and that which existed before. Besides, I perceive daily that I hear more clearly. . . . My hearing at present is very sensitive. Last Friday, the music of the troop which defiled in the square in front of the palace struck my tympanum so strongly, that for the first time I was obliged to close the window of my cabinet. The inhabitants of Würzburg have ‘testified, by the most lively and sincere acclamations, the pleasure which my cure has given them.’ Many in like manner were cured through their faith in Father Matthew (not in teetotalism, be it understood); and even after his death many who went lame to his tomb left their crutches there. It was not necessary that the patient should be of the worthy father’s persuasion in religion. Many staunch Protestants were cured by him, as they supposed; but in reality by processes taking place within their own minds, and initiated by their own lively imaginations. Whether after cure such persons remained as staunchly Protestant as they had been before, we do not know.*

In a similar way may be explained (or rather must be explained, when due account is taken of the weight of evidence) many cases in which maledictions seem to have taken effect, as by a miracle. Paralysis, which has been often cured by faith, has been produced, though less often, by terror. In the *Medical Gazette* for May 23, 1868, there is a report of a singular case which occurred at the Limerick Sessions. Two men had been charged with having assaulted a relative. “The prosecutor summoned his own father as a witness. The mother of the prisoners, exasperated at the prospect of her sons being sent to prison on the evidence of her own relative, gave expression to her feeling in a malediction, praying that when the old man left the witness-box he might be paralysed, and paralysed he was accordingly, and had to be taken to the hospital. Such miraculous illness not yielding readily to ordinary modes of treatment, the old lady has been requested to remove her curse by spitting on the patient, but this she sternly refuses to do, and the man remains in the hospital.” Unfortunately, the end of the story was not given. It would have been pleasing to learn that in the long-run the

* We were told a few months ago by a worthy, simple-hearted Irish priest, that he was sent for on one occasion to administer the sacrament of extreme unction to a Protestant lady, who (not knowing that Catholicity was an essential preliminary) hoped to find in the sacrament a cure for an attack of inflammation of the bowels, which the doctors had in vain attempted to assuage. They hourly expected her death. Finding no other course open to her, she “made submission,” was received into the Church, and the sacrament of extreme unction was administered. When next the family doctor called the lady was well, save for the state of weakness to which many hours of extreme pain had reduced her.

old dame relented, and by spitting on the invalid restored him to health, for then the evidence of the influence of imagination would be complete.

Many will recall here the story of "Goody Blake and Harry Gill." Although Wordsworth calls this "a true story," yet most persons probably imagine that, as related by the poet, it is in a large degree a work of fiction. That Wordsworth himself regarded the punishment of the hard farmer as wrought by supernatural means is well known, and comes out clearly on a comparison between his poetic version of the event and the terse prosaic narrative by Dr. Erasmus Darwin in his *Zoonomia*. Yet the story was true enough in all essential points as told by Wordsworth. The elder Darwin's account of the case runs simply thus:—"A young farmer in Warwickshire, finding his hedges broken and the sticks carried away, during a frosty season, determined to watch for the thief. He lay many cold hours under a haystack, and at length an old woman, like a witch in a play, approached and began to pull up the hedge; he waited till she had tied up her bottle of sticks, and was carrying them off, that he might convict her of the theft, and then springing from his concealment he seized his prey with violent threats. After some altercation, in which her load was left upon the ground, she kneeled upon the bottle" (*sic*, it is the old-fashioned word for a "bundle") "of sticks, and raising her arms to heaven beneath the bright moon, then at the full, spoke to the farmer, already shivering with cold, '*Heaven grant that thou mayest never know again the blessing to be warm.*' He complained of cold all the next day, and wore an upper coat, and in a few days another, and in a fortnight took to his bed, always saying nothing made him warm; he covered himself with very many blankets, and had a sieve over his face as he lay" (the benefit expected from this arrangement is not altogether obvious); "and from this one insane idea he kept his bed above twenty years, for fear of the cold air, till at length he died." It was unfortunate for him, by the way, that Turkish baths had not been introduced into England in his time! For probably if he had tried the radiating room of a Turkish *hammam*, he would have found that even the old woman's curse did not prevent him from knowing what it was to feel warm; and once recognising this, he would have been able, perhaps, to rise above the superstitious fears to which in reality the sensation of cold was due. The commonplace curse of an old woman whom even the least censorious can hardly regard as altogether worthy of absolute veneration, and who had probably exchanged some rather coarse abuse with Gill in the preceding "altercation," is rather amusingly changed by Wordsworth into a solemn appeal to heaven by a much injured victim (after all it must be remembered that Gill had not hurt the old woman, and that a farmer has some right to complain when his hedges are broken and the sticks removed):—

Then Goody, who had nothing said,
(having, it should seem, very little to say—)

Her bundle from her lap let fall;
And kneeling on the sticks, she prayed

To God, who is the judge of all,
 She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,
 While Harry held her by the arm—
 "God! that art never out of hearing,
 Oh may he never more be warm!"
 The cold cold moon above her head,
 Thus on her knees did Goody pray;
 Young Harry heard what she had said,
 And icy cold he turned away.

Probably we may refer the effect of her malediction rather to her appearance—as described by Dr. Darwin, "an old woman like a witch in a play"—than to the solemnity of her prayer. He believed, in his sudden fear, that she was a witch, his imagination attributed to the witch's curse the cold which naturally enough resulted from his long watch on a bitter cold night, and his fears thus seemingly confirmed so influenced his imagination thereafter, that he experienced the constant sensation of cold described by Darwin. That the actual temperature of his body was also affected may well be believed. For it is well known that persons whose minds are affected undergo a loss of temperature. "*In mélancolie avec stupeur*," says Dr. Ertzbischoff, "the temperature is always below the normal amount." But it is certain the actual loss of heat cannot have been even nearly so great as the apparent, for, if it had, Gill would certainly not have lived twenty years.

We could cite many other illustrations of the influence of the mind, whether stimulated by emotion or by expectation, on the body and its functions. But we have already exceeded the space which we had intended to occupy. Let it suffice now to call attention to the extreme importance, both in a physiological and in a psychological aspect, of the recognition of this influence, and the necessity for more careful and systematic study of its nature and limits than has yet been made. It was said sneeringly by Dr. Elliotson, who was a believer in the mesmeric or præternatural interpretation of effects now demonstrated to be due to imagination only, that if Mr. Braid, Dr. Carpenter, and Dr. Holland, could ascribe the actual extirpation of certain bodily matter to dominant ideas, suggestion, and expectant attention, they "ought to petition for the introduction of these into the next 'Pharmacopœia' of the Royal College of Physicians." "We do make this petition; or at least," says Dr. Tuke with excellent judgment, "let these psychical agents be included in the *armamenta medica* of every medical man." But not alone with reference to the cure of disease have these experiences interest and value. Rightly apprehended, even now when they are incomplete, they throw much light on the qualities and functions of the brain; but if the study of such cases were carefully and sedulously pursued, observations and experiments being multiplied, as they well might be, we believe that some of the most difficult problems of mental physiology would before long be interpreted, and that mental powers as yet unsuspected would before long be revealed.

The Countess's Ruby.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

I.

ONE hot August forenoon, some years ago, two men met at a certain point of the coast of Normandy, and shook hands with mutual goodwill.

The elder of these men had lived in the world about five-and-thirty years; he had had losses, and successes as well; but the latter, happening to have arrived a year or so after he had got tired of waiting for them, found him grown a trifle soured and cynical, and apt to carp at the sunshine which had withheld its warmth from his bones until they had contracted an ineradicable chill. His bitterness was perhaps more of the head than of the heart, but was none the less observable on that account. He was an Englishman by birth, and a born painter also—at least in his own opinion. He had begun his career with the firm persuasion that his genius entitled him not only to hang on the line at the Academy, but to be one of the hangmen. The Royal Academicians did not immediately fall in with his views on either point; and when, after many years, they relented, and gave his picture the place of honour, and intimated their purpose of filling with his name the first vacancy on their august roll, this lofty and unforgiving gentleman made a bow and begged to be excused. He had made his name known without the Academy's help; he had won pecuniary independence in a land where the word of the Academy was not law; and he would now, therefore, with all due respect to the members of that body, see every mother's son of them at the deuce before he would have anything to do with them. Such an ultimatum necessarily finished the episode; the Academy preserved a dignified silence, and the lofty and unforgiving gentleman continued to spend the best part of his time in Paris, exhibiting every year in the Salon, and telling the story of his quarrel with the English potentates to whomsoever cared to hear an amusing anecdote caustically related. He was a lengthy, meagre, harsh-featured personage, this same cynical artist, but he prided himself on the Parisian polish of his manners and his French accent, and he was, in fact, a good deal of a favourite in society.

The man who shook hands with the person above described was in most respects as unlike him as could be imagined. To begin with, he was an American; and, sentimental twaddle to the contrary notwithstanding, there is no nationality so irreconcilable with the English, and

so incapable of sympathy with them, as that which styles itself American. But this man, in addition to his Americanism, was full ten years the junior of the other, and nearly the same number of inches shorter. His face was smooth and almost boyish, handsome even to an unusual degree, yet open to one criticism—that of being perfectly in harmony with the figure of its owner. The world has seen many great men under six feet high; but in them the countenance possessed the power or the nobility that more than compensates for defective stature; and, in looking upon it, the beholder quite forgot to be critical as to the greater or less degree of its elevation above the earth's surface. In a word, the face of this young American was the face of a short American—a recommendation, doubtless, from the purely æsthetic standpoint, but otherwise unfortunate. The lively blue eyes lacked depth and sternness; the fine straight nose might well have been a thought longer or higher; the mouth was too little and too academic in its curves; the forehead, though capacious, lacked the fine and expressive modelling which announces a master intellect. For the rest, this young American had a clear, deep colour in his cheeks, such as any woman might have envied, and the only fault of which was that no emotion had power either to diminish or to heighten its intensity; soft dark hair, a small silky moustache, and broad white teeth. The best feature in his face was probably the chin, which betokened a vigorous and persistent will. In figure he was square-shouldered, and rather plump than lean; his hands and feet were small and well shaped. If the enumeration of these merely physical details seems out of proportion with what was specified on that score in the portrait of the Englishman, it should be remembered that the younger man had as yet achieved little in the world beyond this attractive personal appearance. His moral and social history were yet to make. He was the son of a Boston millionaire; he had been educated at Harvard College; he was courted and caressed in Beacon Street drawing-rooms; and he had written quite a number of poems, odes, lyrics, and sonnets, philosophical, commemorative, imaginative, and erotic, which, reversing the natural sequence of states, first led a brilliant butterfly life in newspapers and magazines, and afterwards shut themselves up in the chrysalid of a gilt-edged, cloth-embossed volume, whence they afterwards showed no symptom of emerging.

These two men, such as they are here shadowed forth, found themselves face to face by the water's edge on that sultry August morning, and greeted each other with hearty enough cordiality.

As if to compensate for their physical dissimilarity, they were dressed almost precisely alike. Both had on shoes made of a flat sole of plaited hemp, with stout linen uppers curiously embroidered with red and blue braid, and laced round the ankle after the manner of the ancient sandal. Both wore a kind of straw bonnet, high-crowned and wide-brimmed, clewed down on either side the face by a broad ribbon tied under the chin. Neither possessed any other essential article of clothing except a

close-fitting tunic or set of tights, with the legs and arms cut off close to the body. Over this was lightly thrown a long mantle of Turkish-towel stuff. The tights were striped horizontally, alternate white and blue for the Englishman, and red and white for the American; and herein lay the sole distinction between their respective costumes. It is true that the American's fitted much the more closely and smoothly of the two; but that is neither here nor there.

In front of these simply-attired friends, and breaking in baby ripples at their feet, stretched in slumbrous calm a pale and turquoise ocean, destitute of any visible horizon. A tender haze which brooded in that region so intermingled sea and air that distant ships seemed to sail in the clouds, and clouds to voyage upon the water.

Behind them rose a mounded beach of purple shingle, uncomfortable to tread upon, but invaluable as a bulwark against the incursion of high tides into the low-lying village beyond. This village snuggled in the valley formed between the two hills which abutted at either extremity of the beach in precipitous cliffs, reflecting their pallid faces in the molten surface of the summer sea.

Between the village and the beach, and surmounting the latter like a fort, extended the casino parade, an embankment of masonry lying parallel with the shore, and backed by the casino itself, long, low, and flat-roofed, all windows and awnings. It contained a card room, billiard room, restaurant and theatre, the last transmutable into a ball room by the simple process of removing the pit seats.

The persons of whom I write were not alone by the water's edge; on the contrary, they had scarcely more than elbow room. On either side of them stood, chattered, and gesticulated a hundred human beings of both sexes and all ages, arrayed more or less on the same general principle already detailed. A hundred others paddled, plunged, and bobbed in the pellucid element in front. Twice as many lounged, fluttered, and ogled in serried groups in the rear—these last resplendent in the latest Parisian fashions for the month of August. Down upon this gay scene of colour, sparkle, and sound glowered the hot, lazy sun, longing for the still nine-hours-distant time when he might cool his own sweltering sides in the luxury of a sea bath.

Beyond the average range of the swimmers sped hither and thither a score of light skiffs or canoes, whose occupants prudently wore their bathing dresses and sat heedfully amidships as they plied their long paddles. Finally, I may mention the diving-board, an infernal machine of a thirty-foot plank supported at a third of its length on the axle of a tall pair of wheels, and so rolled into the water, to be rushed up and jumped off of by dashing divers. That diving-board was a daily thorn in the side of the English artist, who was not a dashing diver and who would have greatly preferred to take to the water like a duck—that is, quietly and smoothly—but whom a false pride constrained to mount that penitential plank morning after morning, and upset himself off the end

of it with an agonised effort—seldom or never successful—to strike the water vertically. What fools sensible people will make of themselves for the sake of being like the fools who are ready-made!

It may as well be mentioned here, since the truth is sure to crop out sooner or later, that the name of the cynical and Frenchified English artist was Mr. Claude Campbell, and that he was, consequently, no less a personage than myself, who write concerning him. Let this confession put the reader on his guard against whatever exaggerative or prejudicial statements he may fancy he detects in what I have told or have yet to tell. I do not pretend to be an absolutely impartial historian of events in which myself have been an actor. I promise only to set down things as they appeared to me at the time, and leave the reader to draw his own conclusions. Did I make the world, or even organise human society? No; nor am I responsible for the logic of events, which, on the other hand, has often struck me as being a shocking bad system of logic.

As for the red-cheeked American, he was Jefferson Montgomery, Esquire, of Boston, as aforesaid, and he shall speak for himself.

II.

"Hullo, Jeff! Just a year since we parted on Beacon Hill."

"My *dear* Campbell," said Jeff, giving my hand a strong pressure, while his blue eyes beamed and his white teeth flashed, "this is *really* very nice. Have you been here long?"

"Maybe a week."

"A week? *Really!* how very strange!"

As I do not intend to underline all Mr. Jeff's speeches, I will explain here that he was one of those persons who choose their words with care, and then bestow upon them a certain emphasis—an emphasis of breath—a soft cough, so to say, intended merely to call your attention to the word in question as an unexceptionable word. At first you wondered at the speaker's earnestness; afterwards you begot a nervous oppression of the breathing apparatus, referable to the obscure phenomena of sympathetic affections. For my own part, the kind of conscientious self-complacency of which I considered this idiosyncrasy of my friend to be a symptom tended to arouse in me all my caustic and combative instincts; and, inasmuch as the young poet was fertile in "notions" and resolute in upholding the same, our conversations were apt to become discussions, and our discussions disputes. Our disputes had never deepened into quarrels—we were too dissimilar for that—though a listener might sometimes have found it difficult to make the distinction. But to resume.

"Why strange?" was my inquiry.

"Why, that we shouldn't have encountered previously."

"On the contrary, the strangeness is in our meeting at all. I came here to make studies, and you, I suppose, to make conquests. How many so far?"

"Oh, you old cynic! I don't know a soul in the place. It was an

accident my being here at all, and I've been doing nothing but admire these lovely cliffs and the poetic scenery."

"Poetic? That reminds me. Pardon my thoughtlessness, Jeff. You have been wooing the muse, of course?"

"Well, I confess I have been attempting something; it's unfinished as yet, but I hope it is fresh and strong; and I believe it to be original in treatment as well as in idea. It will be my most ambitious effort so far. A pagan maid falls in love with the Spirit of the Ocean, and a poet is in love with her, and between these two loves——"

"She comes to the ground, or into the water. Which is it?"

"You are always so ready to mock, Campbell. But of course it doesn't come from the heart; it's only your badinage. And really, don't you think the conception fine? I should like to read you my description of the pagan maid."

"Portrait of anybody in particular?"

"Well, between you and me, Campbell, there *is* a young lady here—I don't know who she is, but she really does seem to be almost the type I need—for my poem, I mean. A noble creature—the true grand pagan style. You would like her; she would charm the artist equally with the poet."

"So you have been trotting up hill and down dale after a pagan, and call it writing a poem on metaphysical abstractions! Do you never mean to give up this sort of thing, my dear boy?"

"Really, what do you mean?"

"Dangling after women the way you do."

"What an expression! Every cultivated man feels it his duty to love woman and to frequent her society."

"But why not choose out a representative woman and frequent the whole sex in her person?"

"Do you advocate marriage, then?" asked the poet, his blue eyes pensively interrogating the horizon.

"I say that, if you must make an ass of yourself at all, you should confine yourself within the narrowest possible limits."

"Have you ever contemplated matrimony, Campbell?"

"It is the last thing I should contemplate for myself."

"You have never yearned for a counter-soul?"

"I don't know what you mean, but I venture to say I never have," I replied. "But what would be folly in me would be philanthropy in you."

Jeff heaved a long sigh. "Let me whisper you a secret. You know my papa made a fortune in the Crimean war. We had a contract to furnish the Russians with briar-wood pipes. Well, Russia is now on the eve of another conflict, and papa has sent me over to arrange the terms of another contract."

"But what has this to do with your getting married?"

"Why, the person who manages the business on the Russian side

is our old friend—the same who concluded the arrangements with papa twenty-five years ago. Our relations have always remained intimate and cordial. And immediately subsequent to the Russian war this commissioner married, and—had—oh!”

The poet's voice died away; his eyes were fixed upon something a little farther along the beach.

“There! there!” he murmured. “Oh! is she not—divine?”

“Ha! that is your pagan, is it?”

“Going out in a canoe,” continued Jeff.

This young and strikingly handsome girl, of proportions almost statuesque, was not seen by me now for the first time. I had, in fact, noticed her shortly after my arrival in town, and had taken that pleasure in observing her which an artist feels for whatever is thoroughly picturesque. Who she was I knew no more than Jeff, and it was not to be expected that another man's admiration of her should be disagreeable to me; but some men are not any man, and I must admit that the revelation of her identity with the subject of Jeff's rhapsodies affected me unpleasantly. The girl's beauty, patent to me, was not of a type to reveal itself to every careless and uneducated eye. But I will not attempt to defend my feeling. I simply state it.

The young lady took her seat in the canoe and grasped the paddle, and an elderly moustachioed gentleman pushed her off from shore. She was dressed in a rather remarkable bathing suit of black, slashed with scarlet; her round, firm arms were bare from the shoulder, and her legs from the knee; her hair was gathered up in the customary oilskin cap. With two or three vigorous strokes she sent her skiff well out beyond the crowd of bathers.

When I turned again towards Jeff I found he was no longer at my side; he was walking up the diving-board, on the end of which he balanced himself a moment and then launched himself head foremost into the water, which closed over him with scarce a ripple. Presently his head appeared some distance beyond the spot at which he had entered, and he began swimming seaward with vigorous strokes. He was directly in the wake of the fair pagan, who, unaware of his pursuit, was paddling leisurely towards the thickening haze on the horizon, herself and her canoe mirrored distinctly on the glassy surface.

“Does he propose to overtake her and make her hear his poetry *tête-à-tête* in twelve fathoms of water?” I asked myself. “At any rate, he resembles Byron in his swimming powers. And how neatly the fellow took the water! Let me see if I can't acquit myself as well as a Boston republican.”

With a sudden access of valour I snatched off my peignoir and cast it behind me, and, without stopping to see where it fell, I mounted the fatal plank with deliberate steps, saw the treacherous element smile for a moment beneath me, shut my eyes, and let myself go.

III.

I foresaw, in that instant of time which intervened between my last foot leaving the plank and my head reaching the water, that I was going to make a failure more than usually ignominious. A sounding thwack, taking effect along the entire length of my frame, and a painfully tingling sensation, only partly the result of shame, immediately apprised me that my prophetic instinct had not been at fault. I sank, however, and I was glad to sink; for though I dislike having my head under water, my wounded self-esteem made me dread putting it out again. Much as I have seen and suffered, and callous though I have become to most of the attacks of destiny, upon some points I am still sensitive. In a decent suit of clothes and a dignified attitude I can sustain almost any misfortune; but if my personal appearance be laughable, or my position a false one, my soul has much ado to maintain her constancy.

Need was, however, that I should emerge at last, and up I bobbed accordingly. I swam about moodily and unsociably during my customary fifteen minutes; and such was the dejection of my spirits that the water seemed colder than usual, and as I waded my way up a steep incline of the shingle on my way out there was a tendency to convulsive shudderings in the muscles of my lower jaw. Chilled, humiliated, and conscious that I cut a ridiculous figure before a fashionable and merciless world, I only wished to seize my peignoir, wrap it round me, and vanish from the view and memory of mankind. Some men are cowed by one thing, some by another; and, once cowed, a man is no better than a whipped schoolboy, and feels far less respectable.

I hastened, then, to hide my discomfiture in my peignoir; but at that moment the certainty flashed upon me that I knew not where my peignoir was. I had omitted to note the place where I had laid it down: all places on a shingle beach are alike, especially when that beach is crowded to the water's edge.

I was standing face to face with the crowd, dressed in the curtailment of costume already described, which, hanging in dripping folds about my meagre form, rendered grotesque that which by nature was ungainly merely. For the first time in my life I regretted my six feet of stature; at five feet I should have felt less defenceless as well as appeared less conspicuous. There I stood before the world, shivering, lost, and helpless.

What was I to do? It was a pressing question, for every moment rendered the situation not only physically but morally more intolerable.

Should I return to the water, whence I came?

Too late! Not only would I catch my death—a minor evil—but the world by this time knew that I had started to come out, and by detecting the cowardice of my retreat would render it cowardice thrown away.

Should I steal the first peignoir that came to hand and fly? Hundreds were scattered about. It was but reaching forth my hand.

No, I could not steal : not because I was too honest—far from it ; a cowed man is beyond the reach of scruples—but because I lacked the courage to be a thief. I feared detection, and knew I lacked the effrontery to brazen out the robbery.

Should I pretend that I never had a peignoir, and stalk insouciantly through the crowd and up to the beach as I was ?

Impossible. I had not the spirits for such a *tour de force* in the first place, and in the second I had not the figure for it. Moreover, the *mairie* had issued edicts against bathers promenading without peignoirs, and the thought of being arrested by a squad of gendarmes and marched in my present condition to a lock-up was not to be contemplated.

I must, therefore, either stand where I was until my peignoir came to me or institute a deliberate search after my peignoir. To search, perhaps for hours, amidst a wilderness of spotless hostile skirts and immaculate shrinking pantaloons for a peignoir scarcely distinguishable from any other peignoir, and which, too, might have already been appropriated by some person more heedless (or more self-possessed) than myself ! Decidedly there are times in a man's life when he is forced to avow that Providence has omitted to endow human beings with the only boon really worth their having—the power, namely, of instant and unobtrusive self-annihilation.

My search began. I went to a peignoir and examined it ; it was not mine. With shaking limbs I blundered towards another a few yards off ; it was not mine. At this juncture I heard, and affected not to hear, a titter of laughter. With my heart full of murder and suicide I pounced upon a peignoir quite near at hand. It was the same I had examined first. My brain began to reel.

“ Monsieur ! ” said a gentle voice near me. “ Pardon, monsieur ! ”

Could such words be addressed to me ? As I tottered on the shifting pebbles, throwing dazed glances here and there, I became aware that a lady, middle-aged and of noble demeanour, was standing beside me with a folded peignoir in her hands.

“ Pardon, but did monsieur chance to be searching for anything ? ” she asked in French.

“ My peignoir——”

“ I have perceived that Monsieur dropped this upon entering the water : it shall be his perhaps ? ” and with a smile too truly polite even to seem compassionate this angel of mature years placed my own identical peignoir in my arms.

I clutched it as Macbeth clutched at the phantom dagger ; only, more fortunate than the thane, I felt it in my grasp. Some part of my senses returned to me.

“ Madame,” I stuttered as well as my chattering teeth would let me, “ you come from doing me the greatest favour woman can confer upon man. I shall never forget it. I thank you, madame, from the depths of my soul, and I salute you with the most distinguished gratitude and respect.

The doer of this noble action bowed and smiled graciously, and I, with my peignoir about me, stalked boldly through the crowd to my toilet cabin. The distance was not great, but such was the glow of gratitude in my heart that by the time I arrived there I was not only warm but almost dry. Nor did the effect of this kindness stop at my skin; my immortal part, as Jeff might have called it, was sweetened and exalted; never, that I could remember, had I been succoured so opportunely or in such poignant need. Be that lady who she might, she was worthy of all homage, and if it would have done her any good I believe that, confirmed bachelor though I was, I would have offered her my hand and heart as soon as I had finished my toilet.

But I trusted to my good genius to find me some better way of requiting her favour. It is sad to reflect how few ways there are of obliging our fellow-creatures. People would do more for one another but for the difficulty of finding something at once practical and practicable to do.

The first thing that attracted my notice, when I issued from my cabin and returned to the beach, was that the haze, which all the morning had lain along the horizon, had now thickened greatly and advanced upon the shore. Nothing was visible at twenty paces, and the fog, shone through by the sun, drifted softly over the bustling crowd, which was already beginning to stream homewards.

It was a pretty spectacle, but one likely to be regarded with different feelings by an Englishman safe on dry land and an American lost in twelve fathoms of water. Jeff had not come back to shore, and being out of sight of land, it necessarily followed that he was lost. The danger was graver than might at first sight have appeared, for the swimmer had had time to get fully a mile out to sea, and at that distance there were strong currents which might sweep him away altogether. I scanned the white blank before me with anxious eyes, but it revealed nothing. Poor Jeff!

I began to experience that uncomfortable sensation occasioned by knowing a friend to be in peril, and feeling the necessity of doing something to rescue him. More grievous but more convenient is it when the inevitable occurs at once, and saves us the annoyance of suspense. I could have sorrowed heartily and sincerely over the poor poet's drowned body laid out upon the shingle, but there was no satisfaction in taking measures to ascertain whether or not the corpse were an accomplished fact—to postpone, in other words, the luxury of grief for the anguish of action.

A group of sailors were collected round a boat at the water's edge, which they seemed to be on the point of launching. A lady was haranguing them earnestly. As I approached I recognised her as the heroine of my late adventure with the peignoir. She was saying—

"It was in that direction that I last saw her. She is already, perhaps, a kilomètre distant. There is no time to lose, mind you. Behold me distracted."

Here was my opportunity ; I could kill both my birds with one stone. I stepped forward with raised hat, and placed myself at the disposal of feminine distress. Having respectfully recalled myself to her recollection, I begged to be honoured with the distinction of being permitted to promote the alleviation of the anxiety under which she appeared to be labouring.

She thanked me with ardour, but to inconvenience me would desolate her.

Having received at her hands a favour beyond estimation, I should expire of chagrin in the case of being refused the privilege of testifying in some degree the depth and liveliness of my recognition.

Madame hereupon vouchsafed to inform me that mademoiselle her daughter had paddled away with herself into the fog, and there was fear that she be lost in unknown oceans.

I had divined as much as this, but I was careful not to say so ; nor did I open my mouth on the subject of Jeff. It was sufficient for me to perceive that Jeff and the young lady in the case were probably not far apart, and that to find one would be to find both. Meanwhile I would not deprive Madame of the gratification of believing that I was acting in her interests only. So, entreating her to be tranquil and to expect my return with her daughter in less than a quarter of an hour, I clambered into the boat with all possible dignity and despatch and bade my men shove off. Madame observed my departure with eyes that were genuinely moist.

It was a tolerably mild piece of heroism. Had I been ten years younger I might have wished that the waves had been running mountains high, but at thirty-five—the age of sense and of feeling combined—I was better pleased with the conditions as they were. I was not in love with anybody, and wished only to combine courtesy and good breeding with the fulfilment of a private duty. It had gratified me to observe, in my brief conversation with madame, her appreciation of the altered aspect of one whom she had first known as an idiot and a scarecrow, not to mention his fluency in speaking the language of the most polished people in the world. I admired, too, the kindly ingenuity with which Fate had brought me acquainted with the *mamma* of the beautiful pagan, and under circumstances so promising.

But it is unsafe to call Fate good-humoured : it spoils her temper. Our boat was barely afloat when an event occurred which rendered our proposed voyage unnecessary. Somehow or other, without noise and without premonition, the fog rolled swiftly back to the horizon whence it came ; and there was mademoiselle not more than a hundred yards from shore. She was paddling in with admirable coolness and indifference ; and close behind her I was happy to see the black head and rosy visage of the poet, who was swimming on his back with every appearance of ease and comfort.

IV.

I hastened to get on shore again and offer to Madame my congratulations. She replied that her obligations to Monsieur were none the less. His courtesy, his chivalry, had been such as one never sees paralleled.

Monsieur, covered with confusion at consideration so undeserved, changes the subject by calling the attention of Madame to the charming picture made by Mademoiselle in approaching the beach. Had he had his sketch book with him, he would have been tempted to make a little drawing of Mademoiselle.

Ah ! Monsieur was, then, an artist ? Madame, and Mademoiselle likewise, were all given to artists. They had made purchase of several pictures during their residence in Paris.

Monsieur will venture to call himself an artist, and will, furthermore, have the assurance to make Madame acquainted with his name—M. Claude Campbell, at the service of Madame.

But truly ! and did Monsieur Campbell happen to know this Campbell—he, the great Campbell, he who painted this picture divine which exhibited itself at the last Salon, and was entitled the “Ruined Rampart” ?

Monsieur, even in blushing and being overwhelmed, assures Madame that he is that same fortunate Campbell whose unworthy effort Madame comes from qualifying with such generosity.

Great God ! Monsieur is he, then, indeed that sublime, that adored man of genius ? What happy chance ! What charming *rencontre* ! But in this case Madame hopes that the name of the Countess Semaroff will be to Monsieur not altogether unfamiliar ?

Oh ! Heaven ! Is it possible that Monsieur is so happy as to kiss the hand of the noble lady who deigned to constitute herself the purchaser of the above-mentioned “Ruined Rampart” ? Monsieur is of a verity transported.

The Countess Semaroff observes that Mademoiselle—the Countess Almara in effect—will partake of her mamma's enchantment in meeting Monsieur Campbell, of whose genius she is an ardent admirer.

Our rude and artless talk was suspended at this point by the disembarkation of the Countess Almara. Apprehending that the simplicity of her costume might render my immediate presentation undesirable, I exchanged a cordial *au revoir* with the Countess Semaroff and discreetly withdrew. The beautiful pagan, after exchanging a few sentences with her mother, the latter speaking earnestly and the former laughingly, proceeded to take her turn upon the diving-board, and acquitted herself in a manner truly admirable. She dove like a plummet, and her white feet flashed beneath the surface as succinctly as a mermaid's tail. Up she came again, fresh and dripping, within a few yards of my returned prodigal, the Boston poet ; but no signal of recognition that I could detect passed between them. To suppose that the ardent and romantic

Jefferson had failed to improve the occasion of being isolated from the world under such peculiar circumstances with the subject of his late rhapsodies seemed to me, however, highly improbable. But the young countess had doubtless played discretion under the watchful maternal eye; and Jeff, perhaps, intended to conceal his escapade from my friendly inquisition. I was resolved, nevertheless, to penetrate his reticence, and promised myself the pleasure of listening to an entertaining story over our *déjeuner*. As to my own accidental introduction to the countess mother, and the unexpected tie between us, I judged it advisable to forbear mentioning it just at present.

The poet reached his depth and waded ashore. I stepped forward to meet him, raising my cap.

"Captain Webb, I presume?"

"Oh—but, Campbell!" exclaimed he with an ineffable look, "was she not heavenly?"

"Postpone your ecstasies; you'll be a rheumatic cripple for life as it is. Do you know you've been in an hour?"

"It doesn't seem ten minutes—and yet I have lived a lifetime too!"

"You have water on the brain. Do you know where your peignoir is?"

Somewhat to my mortification, he did know, and, as he threw it over his shoulders, remarked placidly, "But really I'm not in the least cold. Men of my age have hearts, Campbell, and a heart on fire keeps the blood warm under all circumstances."

"It takes a Bostonian to have a heart warranted to burn under water for an hour."

"And then," he continued without heeding me, "did not a goddess keep the flame alive with her ambrosial breath?"

"Decidedly he must have had an adventure," thought I. "But despatch your toilet, young man, and then you shall *déjeuner* with me, and we'll have chablis and cigarettes."

"I shall be most happy, indeed. I won't be a moment dressing," said the poet beamingly; and he dodged into his cabin.

"Pathetic little youth!" thought I as I paced the parade to and fro. "Good fellow at bottom, but so soft!—the sort of creature that men trample on and women make game of. He has that most offensive of qualities—inoffensiveness. But, luckily for his peace of mind, he idolises himself, and is too slow-witted to comprehend the contempt of other people. After all, his self-conceit has as much justification as anybody's. He sees a pretty face when he looks in the glass, writes pretty verses with conscientious rhymes, utters pretty sentiments, and uses pretty phrases. How is he to know that the world reads all this prettiness without the *r*? But Providence, in emptying his skull, has mercifully filled his pockets. With ten thousand pounds a year he can buy something. What he can't buy is the ability to win for a wife such a woman as this young countess. Is he in love with her? He thinks so, no doubt, and means to make himself poetically miserable about her.

His type of men are for ever losing their hearts miles above the reach of their heads. He has been getting off some inane nambypambyism to her this morning, disgusting or amusing her as the case may be, and has come off serene in the conviction of having made a delightful impression. And now—confound him!—he will be for prosecuting the acquaintance and expecting me to back him up. What shall I do? It would be friendly to dissuade him from having anything more to say to them; but he's obstinate and won't be dissuaded. Well, the spectacle of such a wooing can't fail to be entertaining, and, since I can't prevent it, why shouldn't I enjoy it? To augment excitement I might give Mademoiselle Almara a quiet hint to tip him an occasional dose of encouragement. Poor Jeff! Ah! here he comes! Now let us watch him expand under the influence of chablis."

The unsuspecting poet took my arm, and we set out for my lodgings.

"How charming the Old World is," he remarked presently.

"You are an American, and everything here delights you by contrast."

"But I'm patriotic—very. I'm a descendant of the Puritans, and my forefathers fought on Bunker Hill."

"Yes, you Yankees are always bringing up the men of '76, whom, were you to meet them on Beacon Street to-day, you would cut dead. Since you have really contrived to civilise yourselves a little in the last century, why do you insist upon falling back on the reputations of a parcel of tagrag farmers who were shot ages before you were born? If I were a Yankee I'd keep mum about them."

"Ah, you may talk, but at least you know America is the greatest country on earth," rejoined my friend with unruffled good-humour. "I'm sure you were delighted with your visit last year."

"I confess to some scenery; beyond that one sees in the States only things which he thanks Heaven he hasn't got at home. America makes Europeans grateful and contented."

"I defy you to put your finger on one feature of civilisation here that does not exist in a superior form in the States. There now!"

"To begin with, then, why did you take the trouble to come over here to get a wife, if there are more desirable wives to be had in Boston?"

"How did you know that?"

"How? Have I heard anything from you this morning except about pagan goddesses?"

"Oh, you mean her? Yes; oh, yes!"

"Good heavens! does the man mean to insinuate that he has any other woman in this hemisphere in his eye?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, my father sent me over here just for that very purpose—that and the pipes."

"What and the pipes?"

"To meet the young lady I am going to marry."

"And is your beautiful pagan the young lady you are to marry, pray?"

"Ah! I just wish she was!" said Jeff very ruefully.

"This is becoming interesting, my young friend. But here's my house: we'll have our breakfast, and then a consultation over our wine. Come in."

V.

I repressed my curiosity during the meal, but when we had settled down to our second bottle and the cigarettes I fixed my eyes on my companion and said—

"Well?"

"Did you see that dive?" asked he.

"Hers?"

"Hers of course. Everything I say or do means her, now and for ever, one and inseparable!" cried Jeff, upon whom the wine was evidently beginning to work.

"But what about the other young lady——?"

"Sink the other young lady, sir! I never have seen her, and I never want to."

"Well, then, about the pagan. Did the fog reveal your souls to one another?"

"Now, Campbell, I wish you would please not chaff," said Jeff seriously. "I don't like a man to be always cynical. Is there really nothing sacred to you anywhere? We Bostonians are not brought up so; and this is a sacred subject to me."

"Not more so than to me, my dear fellow. You sha'n't have cause to complain of me again."

"I accept your apology," said Jeff with dignity. "Your health."

We emptied our glasses.

"Who was that handsome middle-aged lady you were talking with?" Jeff asked.

The question rather took me aback. "You are more the traditional Yankee than I had imagined; you pretend to tell a story and only ask a question. As for that lady, I never saw her before in my life. I should fancy her a Pole or an Austrian. But do get on with your story."

"There is no real story with a beginning, middle, and end. Real life doesn't arrange itself in that way."

"There is always a middle, at any rate."

"I will plunge *in medias res*, then. Did you observe her paddling out?"

"To be sure I did."

"And did you divine her object?"

"Well, as to that——"

"My dear Campbell, don't you see that it was a case of *fugit inter salices*? She paddled out in order that I might pursue her."

"Oh! How did you find out that?"

"By intuition," cried the poet enthusiastically. "We are in such

complete sympathy, she and I, that I feel what she feels. A motion of the shoulder, a turn of the neck, a flirt of the paddle, all bear a secret meaning to my eye. Why, for a quarter of an hour after starting out this morning, I could see nothing but her back; and you know there isn't ordinarily much—conversation in a person's back."

"I believe you are right, Jeff."

"But in this case," he continued warmly, "I saw through her back all that was going on in her mind."

"Poetic insight. I have heard of it before, but never knew it to act so powerfully as it does with you."

"Yes; and, in proof that I'm not mistaken, she did just what I knew she would do beforehand."

"And what was that?"

"How good this chablis is! The first thing she did was to paddle straight out to sea. She did that to try my faith."

"Did she succeed?"

"A poet's faith can move mountains," said Jeff, a little inconsequently. "Had I been as others—had I been less terribly in earnest—I should have got discouraged or offended and given up the chase. But that is not the Puritan style. I kept right on, and at last I forced her to alter her tactics."

"And all this through the back of her head? Wonderful!"

"Well, so she altered her tactics, and—what do you think?"

"I haven't a glimmering."

"She stopped—short," said Jeff, leaning across the table with his blue eyes wide open and speaking in an impressive under-tone; "and there she sat perfectly still, with her back still turned towards me."

"So that you might continue to read her thoughts?"

"Campbell, I trust you are not scoffing?"

"My dear fellow——"

"You are my friend, but there are some things——"

"Nothing injures friendship so much as unjust suspicions, Jeff," I said, with a solemnity almost equalling his own. He softened at once.

"Forgive me, old fellow; I was hasty. The blood of Bunker Hill, you know. Well, and so I gained upon her—and here's her health, Campbell."

"Bumpers!" said I; and again we set down our glasses empty. I began to feel a little warmed up myself.

"At last I was within ten yards of her. Just then I ran into one of those horrid blue jelly-fish, and it startled me so that I made a splash, and she——"

"Turned round?" I suggested, for he had paused agitatedly.

"Any other woman would have turned round: she did not. She started perceptibly, dipped her paddle on the right side of the canoe, and shot diagonally towards the left. For a moment I saw her in profile."

"Well, didn't she tip you a wink? I beg your pardon, Jeff, upon

my word. I mean, did she not, at the moment of the profile, bend upon you a smile or a glance of encouragement?"

"What encouragement did I need? Besides, the time for encouragement had not yet come; I was still at the period of probation."

"Her tacking, then, was a fresh trial of your constancy?"

"Not of my constancy—that was already confirmed—but of another quality, my self-respect. Respect, Campbell, is ever the basis of true love. This was a most critical juncture in our acquaintance. Had I slavishly followed her tack I should have lost more ground morally than I gained materially. No, I did not tack; I kept straight on, and, as she had paused again, I was soon beyond her. It was at that supreme moment that we found ourselves enveloped in the fog—alone together, between sea and heaven!"

"Jeff, this is becoming exciting."

"I kept on. By-and-by, however, I stopped. I could now barely detect the outlines of her canoe through the pallid film of mist; but anon the outlines grew distincter—she was approaching! Right on she came with graceful strength, and paused within a paddle's length.

A moment eye to eye they stayed,
The poet and the pagan maid."

"Jeff, this is poetry."

"A verse I composed at the time. Do you like it?"

"Can you ask? But this suspense is wearing me out. Do, pray, come to the point."

"What point, dear Campbell?"

"Hang it! the point of contact."

"Sir, I fail to understand you," said the majestic Jeff.

"Gammon! Who understands better than a poet the dramatic necessity of a point of contact? Here are your characters lost—I mean, here are your poet and your pagan maid lost in your fog, and staying eye to eye. Beyond reach of outside help, you are all in all to each other. 'Bonjour, countess.' 'Bonjour, monsieur.' 'We appear to be lost.' 'I fear you are fatigued,' she says. 'The delight of conversing with the Countess Almara would suffice to restore me, were that the case.' 'Perhaps, if you were to rest your hand on the gunwale,' she continues. 'You overwhelm me,' murmur you. 'Nay, I would keep you from being overwhelmed,' she smiles. 'You are my guiding star!' you exclaim. 'If I only knew whither to guide you. And mamma will be so anxious,' she sighs. 'Knows the Countess Semaroff that we are together?' you inquire. Just at this instant another of those horrid blue jelly-fish comes along, causing you to give another splash and sink. She screams, stretches out her hand to save you; you catch it, press it impulsively to your lips. . . . Well, there's your point of contact. Now go ahead."

The close and serious attention which Jeff had given to this sally of mine had stimulated me to make it as absurd as possible, and may be

that last glass of chablis had something to do with my sprightliness. But in proportion as I warmed Jeff seemed to cool ; he leaned his cheek upon his hand, and directed a profound gaze into the bottom of his empty wine-glass. At length he muttered these singular words—

"How curiously things come out."

"But what happened after you kissed her hand?"

"I didn't kiss it," sighed the poet.

"Not after accepting the support of her canoe?"

"I didn't accept it ; she didn't offer it."

"Nor speak about it at all?"

"She said nothing ; I said nothing : neither of us said anything."

"Then why, in the name of stupefaction, did you take the trouble to get lost in the fog with her ? Better have stayed on shore."

"Had I known the Countess Semaroff was there, perhaps I should," said Jeff, looking up.

I coloured in spite of myself. I, a man of five-and-thirty, had been carried away to reveal to this boy the secret of my acquaintance with these ladies. I should now have no excuse to offer for not introducing him. Verily that chablis cut both ways. I hastened to revert to our original topic.

"So there was no point of contact after all?"

"Not what you would call such, O you English materialist," said the poet eloquently. "But our points of view are so incompatible. Is not the soul more than the body ? and, if so, is not a look of the eyes more than a touch of the hand ? Our spirits met, Campbell, though our earthly frames held aloof."

"But would your spirits have met any less had your earthly frames behaved in a more materialistic and intelligible way ?"

Jeff shook his head dreamily.

"You are of those who know not how to enjoy the rose upon its stalk. You must needs cull it and insert it in your *boutonnière*. You are not sensitive enough to apprehend the rarest delight of the *grande passion*—that of regarding the beloved object in her intact state ere the pure sphere of her personality has been invaded by materialistic approach."

"Well, Jeff, it's evident you know more about women than I do. But, admitting what you say, I still maintain (provided your intentions with the Countess are really serious) that you are not taking the nearest way to a matrimonial issue. The flesh is sluggish, but it has its compensations."

The inspired Bostonian took his cigarette between two fingers and waved it in an illustrative manner as he said—

"Suppose, dear Campbell, you were starting on a journey through a delicious tract of country—a winding valley, say—and suppose, before setting out, you climbed a hill commanding this valley, and took a bird's-eye view of your proposed route. Would you enjoy that journey more or less for having anticipated it spiritually by that glance?"

"Ha! methinks I conceive you. Your psychological business is merely a sort of barmecide feast, designed to whet the palate for solid viands to follow. Having brought the transcendental part of your love-making to a happy issue, you now propose to pursue the game upon a practical basis?"

Jeff blew a serene cloud and regarded me with a complacent smile.

"Yes, I mean to marry her now," said he.

"And leave the other without even a bird's-eye view?"

"By-the-by, I must tell you about that. You know I was saying this morning that the Russian commissioner, our friend, had married. Well, he had a daughter, and this daughter and I were by our respective papas destined for each other."

"I see—a union of policy, like those of the royal families of Europe."

"To me the idea of utilising the sacred covenant of marriage in the interest of mere business always seemed horrible and revolting. I told my father so."

"And he, I'll venture to say, told you you were a sentimental young idiot."

"If that had been all——" said Jeff, wagging his head significantly.

"Well, what was there more?"

"Only this. After I had protested one day, with all the eloquence I could muster, against the cold-blooded inhumanity of binding down two fresh young souls, who had never seen each other, to such a contract, he replied (you remember his dogmatic, high-handed way), 'Either you marry her or you live on three hundred pounds per annum.'"

"In that case," said I, not without a secret feeling of relief, "you certainly won't marry the pagan maid?"

"Why not?"

"Because, to go no further, you won't get her to take you at three hundred pounds per annum. You don't know what living on such an income means. I do; and I can tell you that, even without a wife and children, it's no joke."

"But, dear Campbell, you seem to forget that I love her."

"Take the advice of a man who has seen more of the world than you have, and forget it yourself. I am talking seriously now, Jeff, and for your good. You do not love this Countess Almara, and, to be frank with you, it is not possible that she ever should care for you. You have a strong will; use it on the side of common sense and—filial piety. Where were you to meet your intended?"

"Paris was the rendezvous appointed, but——"

"Pack up your traps and be off to Paris this very afternoon."

"But it wasn't for a week yet that——"

"Never mind. Get away from here; that's the main point. Don't remain within reach of temptation."

"Campbell, this is not temptation; it's a foregone conclusion. I am going to marry the Countess Almara. Our meeting here was fated. I shall not go to Paris."

"But I tell you the Countess Almara won't have you."

Jeff was silent awhile. Presently he looked up and said—

"How do you know she won't?"

"Well—never mind," I thought it prudent to reply.

There was another silence. Suddenly Jeff said, "Campbell, if I went to Paris would you go with me?"

This turn embarrassed me again. It would not exactly suit my convenience to go to Paris that afternoon. There were some things I wanted to—attend to. I wondered whether my young friend was becoming suspicious.

"Could I be of any service to you there?" I inquired.

"After all I don't know that you could," said he after a moment's reflection. "Besides, thanking you all the same for your advice, dear Campbell, I've made up my mind to stay here. I can never love, much less marry, any other woman than the Countess Almara."

There was a certain element of nobility in the placid obstinacy of the young fellow, who was committing the amazing folly of resigning ten thousand a year for the sake of a girl to whom he had never spoken, and until the last two or three days never seen, that touched me a little and made me resolve not to let him ruin himself without another effort to save him.

"Jeff, you are an ass," I said bluntly. "Your brain has been addled with the pursuit of what you are pleased to imagine poetry, until you have grown to believe that a man can live on love and lyrics instead of on beefsteak and bullion. You say you can never love any but the Countess Almara; I say it is, at all events, your duty to try. Go to Paris, and at least make the acquaintance of the young lady your father has selected for you. If you find her unlovable, at all events that will be some satisfaction."

"Thank you very much, Campbell, but I can't, really."

"You persist in running your head against a wall?"

Jeff smiled mildly and said nothing.

"All right; *liberavi animam meam*. I wash my hands of you. One thing: I can't take the responsibility of giving you an introduction."

"You know them both, then?"

"Well, I have not been presented to the young lady yet, but——"

"I shall be happy to present you when I know her myself," said Jeff forgivingly; "and when we are married I trust you and I will be better friends than ever."

"Oh! fathomless self-conceit and fatuity of Bostonian youth!" I muttered to myself as I lit a final cigarette and preceded the poet to the door. "Poor Jeff! upon my soul I'm sorry for him!"

And when we parted outside I shook his hand with a feeling not far removed from respect mingling with my impatience, and I watched him walk away with a kindly hope that the Providence which presides over children and fools might keep a beneficent eye upon the poor little poet.

Leaves from the Laurels of Molière.

IN the time of Louis le Grand there stood on the banks of the Seine, on the site now known as the Place Napoléon III., the famous Hôtel Rambouillet. Its noble owner married, somewhere about 1630, a woman of high birth, amiable disposition, and of cultivated tastes, named Catherine de Vivonne. Everything which refinement, luxury, and wealth could suggest was to be found in the *salons* of Madame de Rambouillet, who took especial pains to attract thither all the celebrities of her time. Among her votaries were La Rochefoucauld, Jean Chapelain, the Abbé Cotin, the oracle of *politesse* Voiture, Jean Louis de Balzac, the poet Segrais, Madame de Sévigné, her correspondent Bussy Rabutin, the mother of the great Condé, his sister Madame de Longueville, and others whose claims to remembrance have long since been surrendered. Such were the *dilettanti* who assembled ostensibly to criticise literature and art, men and manners, but really to take their places in the history of Jean Baptiste Poquelin. The fame of these social gatherings spread through France, and an invitation to the Hôtel Rambouillet became an object of ambition. But the difficulty of obtaining an *entrée* must have been considerable, for we have it on the authority of one of its members that it was absolutely necessary to be acquainted with that nadir of research, "*le fin des choses, le grand fin, le fin du fin,*" and also to be introduced by one of its members, known by the title of "*le grand introducteur des ruelles.*" But in spite of the rigour of these ordinances a vast concourse assembled daily within the Hôtel Rambouillet, where they talked a great deal of dialectical nonsense. They gravely debated, like John of Salisbury, on the most frivolous subjects. Deep research was employed in order to guess the most inane riddle. Interminable speeches were delivered relative to the metaphysical attributes of love; and every variety of sentiment, human and divine, was discussed with a ludicrous refinement of expression, and a pompous parade of learning. In the words of La Bruyère, the members of this hermaphrodite areopagus "left to the vulgar the art of intelligible speech." Abstruse subjects led to others even more obscure, over which this precious society cast the mantle of enigma; each sally of wit being greeted with rounds of applause. It was not necessary to be gifted with either good sense, a good memory, or, indeed, the humblest capacity, in order to shine at these *réunions*; it only needed a certain amount of wit, and that of no high order. The customs which prevailed in this Valhalla of folly were not less extraordinary than the discourse of its

members. The women affected an exaggeration of romantic sentiment. It was their custom to address one another in terms of endearment, such as "*ma chère*," "*précieuse*," designations by which the whole *coterie* became gradually known throughout France. These "*précieuses*" do not appear to have reserved their buffooneries exclusively for the Hôtel Rambouillet where they were understood, for we learn from a contemporaneous author that they kept up their "customs" even in their own homes. They slept during the best hours of the day, and paid ceremonious, not to say inconvenient, visits at nightfall. They lisped in conversation; and, to the scandal of their godfathers and godmothers, exchanged their Christian names for those of pagan divinities. During the *séances* each goddess sat enthroned in a gorgeous alcove, within whose mystic depths she was wont to ponder on things esthetic, or worldly. To heighten the absurdity of her situation, she was constantly attended by one of the sterner sex who, in his capacity of *alcoviste*, bore the inspirations of her genius to the surrounding alcoves. "*Les précieuses*," says the Abbé Cotin, himself a member of this *coterie*, "*les précieuses s'envoyaient visiter par un rondeau ou un énigme, et c'est par là que commençaient toutes les conversations.*"

One night during the summer of 1659—a memorable year in the annals of genius—while the "*précieuses*" were in conclave assembled, and rounds of applause hailed the explosion of an impromptu, the door of this temple of Reason suddenly opened to admit a young man of middle height, dark complexion, and grave deportment, clad in the picturesque bourgeoisie costume of the period. Madame de Rambouillet, who was seated on her throne at the far end of the room, rose to receive her visitor, and, by way of making him feel more at his ease in a strange company, overpowered him with the volubility of her flattery. He who stood momentarily abashed in the midst of this throng of tuft-hunters and dolts, who formed the "*cynosure of neighbouring eyes*," was none other than the comedian Molière—he who afterwards dealt the death-blow to the dunces of his epoch. At this time Molière was but known as the manager of an itinerant troupe, and as a man who in addition to considerable histrionic power had also evinced a talent for composition. He was welcomed by Madame de Rambouillet as the author of *L'Etourdi* and *Le Dépit Amoureux*, and as such took his place among the celebrities of his time. It is well for both England and France, I had almost said for the common sense of the civilised world, that two such men as Gifford and Molière had the courage and the genius to crush, each in his own time, that hydra of bathos who periodically threatens to devour reason. That which William Gifford effected, in the early part of this century, by the publication of his merciless *Baviad and Mæviad*, Molière achieved more than two centuries before him, with the *Précieuses Ridicules*." But the venture of Molière was of a far more courageous nature than that of Gifford. The latter was an author of renown, and a man of good position in the republic of letters. The former, on the other hand,

was but a poor comedian from the provinces, who had come to Paris in search of the fortune he had failed to find elsewhere, and who depended for his success very much upon the patronage of the very *coterie* whose extravagances he, on public grounds, so bitterly resented. A few months after his reception by Madame de Rambouillet, Molière made his triumphant assault upon the false taste and follies of his time. The title of his play excited general curiosity; there was a great demand for places. Ménage, himself a member of the society so severely handled by Molière, was present at the first representation of *Les Précieuses Ridicules*. He tells us* that Mademoiselle de Rambouillet, her sister Madame de Grignan, and the whole of the Rambouillet *coterie* attended. Its opening scenes were received with silence. None knew whether to be offended or not—whether to ignore the taunt or to repel it. At length an old man rose slowly from his seat, and in a voice trembling with enthusiasm cried: “Courage, Molière! Voilà la véritable comédie!”† The truth of these words has indeed been echoed by posterity. Ménage was so satisfied with the success of the piece as to be certain of its effect on the public. On leaving the theatre he seized Chapelain’s arm, and exclaimed, “We are both guilty of the follies which have been satirised with so much power and good sense; henceforward we must burn what we have adored, and adore what we have burnt.” These words were amply verified. Molière’s *chef-d’œuvre* dealt a fatal blow at the Hôtel Rambouillet—people began to see the absurdity of the situation, and the “*précieuses*” were laughed into obscurity. The success of this piece was so great, and so urgent were the demands for admission, that on the second representation the company doubled its prices. To the applause of society that of the Court was soon joined, and the fame of Molière spread to the Pyrenees. Molière was astounded at this unexpected triumph. He is said to have exclaimed: “I need no longer study Plato or Terence, nor pore over the fragments of Menander—henceforth I will study the world.”

Although *Les Précieuses Ridicules* did not entirely extirpate all the pedantic nonsense which characterized the literary clique at which it was levelled, it greatly diminished the buffoonery which prevailed at the Hôtel Rambouillet. A few blue-stockings survived all the ridicule their conduct had provoked, and gave Molière an excuse for that second assault so successfully made in his charming comedy *Les Femmes Savantes*.

Towards the close of 1660, Molière’s theatre, the Petit Bourbon, which had grown so popular under his guidance, was pulled down in order to make room for the colonnade of the Louvre. This would have been a serious blow to its proprietor, had not Louis XIV. graciously placed at his disposal the Salle of the Palais Royal, constructed by

* *Menagiana*, edit. 1715, vol. ii. p. 65.

† Grimarest, p. 36. *Mémoires sur la Vie et les Ouvrages de Molière*, p. 24.

Cardinal Richelieu for the representation of his doleful tragedy *Mirame*—a play which not only cost its author a fabulous sum of money, but fatally affected his reputation as a man of wit.* Here, also, after Molière's death, were given the first of those lyric tragedies now known as operas. Alas! alas! this memorable theatre, associated with the fame of both Racine and Molière, has since those palmy days been twice rebuilt and as often destroyed by fire. Here Molière produced no less than thirty of his comedies, and here he struck the first sparks of that Promethean fire which burns for him eternally. Within this little theatre, also, in times when England was drunk with joy at the restoration of the Stuarts, the unhappy consort of Charles the First witnessed the first representation of *L'Ecole des Maris*.

In the autumn of 1661 Molière produced *Les Fâcheux*, whose conception furnishes an example of the fertility of his genius and its rapidity of execution. After the first performance of this play, while the King and Molière conversed apart, the latter doubtless receiving his august master's compliments, a certain Monsieur de Soyecourt, his Majesty's *grand veneur*, happened to pass. "Look!" whispered the monarch; "there is a character whom you have not yet drawn." The hint was not lost on Molière, who, without making any reply, in less than twenty-four hours introduced a new scene into his play at the expense of the gentleman above named. The King, who appears to have been somewhat vain of his wit, was highly gratified at the thought that he himself had furnished the suggestion, and at last began almost to regard the piece as peculiarly his own. Madame de Sévigné has immortalised Soyecourt by an anecdote which gives us a notion of the great original. "On one occasion," says this talented authoress, "while Monsieur de Soyecourt was passing the night in an apartment with several other courtiers, this personage persisted in talking platitudes with one of his companions until the small hours of morning. This would not have been so objectionable, but that he would shout all he had to say at the very top of his voice. Another gentleman, who seems to have been more inclined to sleep than to listen, at last exclaimed reproachfully: 'Eh! morbleu tais-toi; tu m'empêches de dormir.' 'Est-ce que je te parle à toi?' naïvely retorted Monsieur de Soyecourt."

But the *grand veneur* had his deserts—his victim was avenged, and the world laughed merrily when this "grand original" figured as the chasseur in *Les Fâcheux*. This piece appears to have been composed, got up, and performed within a fortnight—a performance which fully justified the couplet of Boileau:—

Rare et sublime esprit, dont la fertile veine
Ignore, en écrivant, le travail et la peine.

We now come to an incident in Molière's career to which brief allusion must be made. Though fortunate in his success as a comedian, as

* Taschereau, vol. i. p. 51. 1825.

an author, and in the possession of patrons, he was correspondingly unfortunate in his domestic affairs. When forty years of age he married a girl of seventeen, named Armande Bérart, a member of his troupe. Disparity in age, and the temptations to which this young and handsome actress was exposed, rendered this marriage unhappy. Taschereau doubts whether they enjoyed so much as an hour's contentment; but this at least is certain—Molière's impudent and heartless neglect of his bride fostered the coldness, and strengthened the dislike, which subsequently paved the way to mutual infidelity. Though historians have condemned the conduct of Madame Molière, they touch with gentleness the errors of her husband, for whom they are pleased to advance the hackneyed plea of genius,—a title which only his personal enemies have ventured to deny him. Moore has told us that genius has its prerogative—an assertion which it is not in my power to question. But this at least is certain—that genius, by reason of its lustre, should be doubly circumspect in its conduct. It should remember with what eagerness the world watches for every divergence from the paths of virtue, and how loud are the condemnations of the envious. It may be asked, What constitutes genius? Despite the brilliant examples which adorn our literature and that of other lands, we are told that the faculty pertains not less to the quiescent than to the active power. Byron, in the *Prophecy of Dante*, says:—

Many are poets who have never penn'd
 Their inspiration, and perchance the best:
 They felt, and loved, and died, but would not lend
 Their thoughts to meaner things; they compress'd
 The god within them, and rejoined the stars
 Unlaurell'd upon earth . . .

It may then be presumed that genius belongs to that undefinable and often uncreative humanity, which lives before its time. To rise, like Molière, above the fashions, the prejudices, and the follies of our contemporaries, constitutes a prophetic nature; and *prophecy* is as near an approach to what men call "genius" as it is possible for humanity to attain.

In the summer of 1662 Molière, in his capacity as "valet de chambre du roi," followed Louis le Grand to Lorraine. He was at this time pondering over a comedy which was to assail hypocrisy, and the following anecdote may not be out of place:—The King was in the habit of restricting himself, during his campaigns, to one repast a day. On a certain evening—albeit one of the days set apart by the Church for fasting—the King felt so hungry that he resolved to break his rule. Being sociably inclined, Louis invited his old friend Bishop Péréfixe to keep him company. The Bishop, however, put on a sanctimonious air, and drawing himself up to his full height, not only coldly declined the King's invitation, but took occasion to inform his Majesty that it was not his custom to regale on fast days. This reply excited the

risible muscles of a courtier, who, in spite of every endeavour to suppress his laughter, attracted the King's notice. When the Bishop retired Louis was fain to know the cause of his courtier's merriment. "Sire," replied the culprit, "your Majesty need not be anxious on the score of the Bishop's appetite;" whereupon he proceeded to give minute details of a sumptuous repast which the prelate had that day enjoyed, and at which he, the offender, had been present. At the mention of each *plat* the good-humoured Louis exclaimed, "*Le pauvre homme!*" varying the tone of his voice in a manner irresistibly comic.

This incident was not lost on Molière, who happened to be present, and eighteen months afterwards Louis XIV. beheld himself reflected in the amusing scene between Orgon and Dorine. This trifling circumstance, which made the prince in some measure instrumental to Molière's glory, materially assisted in removing the proscription which a nation of hypocrites had contrived against *Tartuife*.*

When Molière returned to Paris, he was waited on by a youth, manuscript in hand, who begged the favour of an audience. The generous comedian, with outstretched hand, received the ominous roll, and scanned it narrowly. It was poor stuff, we are told—a tragedy founded on a fable—heavy, spiritless, motionless; but Molière read it through, and highly praised its author.

"You are young," said he, "and you have a future; be patient, labour will reward you with success. But stay—one cannot live on flattery; I see you are not rich: accept this little sum, and *au revoir*." The little sum was one hundred louis-d'or—the young man Racine.

The condition of comedians in the seventeenth century has been characterised as infamous. Even the acknowledged genius of Molière was insufficient to override the popular prejudice against his profession. He had to submit to endless annoyances at the hands of his associates at court, who never failed to make him feel his position acutely. It was one day brought to the notice of Louis that some of his attendants had gone so far as to refuse to sit at the same board with Molière. His Majesty resolved forthwith to instruct them in politeness. He caused the great comedian to be summoned, and, much to every one's surprise, invited him to dine at his own table. Immediately in front of the King was a chicken, a wing of which he politely handed to Molière, reserving its fellow for himself. The courtiers were dumfounded at this unusual condescension.

"You see me," said the King to those present; "you see me occupied in giving Molière something to eat, for I understand that he is not deemed fit company for my attendants." This lesson had the required effect, and Molière was ever after welcome to dine when and where he pleased. The King's evident partiality for Molière earned him the respect of the whole Court, where his popularity rose to a height only

* *Euvres de Molière, avec les remarques de Bret, 1773.*

equalled by his fame abroad. Louis commissioned him to write a comedy for the amusement of the Royal household. The result of this command was *Le Mariage Forcé*—a play founded on an incident in the career of De Grammont—in the performance of which not only the Court, but the King himself joined. Louis XIV. figured in the ballet, a proceeding which provoked the satire of Racine, who in *Britannicus* addressed the King as follows :—

Ignorez-vous tout ce qu'ils osent dire ?
Néron, s'ils en sont crus, n'est point né pour l'empire.

During the Versailles fêtes of May 1664, Molière presented for the first time his inimitable comedy *Tartufe*. The vein of hypocrisy runs deeper, perhaps, at Court than in any other section of society, and the mirror which Molière now held up to nature gave dire offence to his audience. The author of *Don Juan* has well said : "In these days the profession of hypocrite possesses marvellous advantages. Hypocrisy is an art wherein imposture commands respect; for though it may be discovered, none dare say a word against it. All other vices are exposed to censure, every one is free to attack them; but hypocrisy is a privileged vice, which shuts the world's mouth with its hand, and revels in sovereign impunity."

Molière was held up to the vengeance of both God and man as an atheist. The popular clamour against *Tartufe* was irresistible, and its author was compelled to withdraw it after the first performance. In justice to Louis XIV., it must be stated that this persecution against Molière entirely failed to command his sympathy. Though compelled by public opinion to prohibit the performance of *Tartufe*, the King made amends by promoting Molière's troupe to the envied position of "comedians to the King," and attached Molière to his person, with an annual salary of seven thousand francs.

It is interesting to note that up to the middle of the seventeenth century, soldiers were admitted to theatres without payment. This privilege was obviously unjust to the people, who, owing to the scant accommodation at command, were frequently unable to find seats. Molière, on behalf of his players, appealed to the King for reform in this particular, and his request was granted.

But the soldiers rebelled. They came in large bodies to the door, and demanded admission. The door-keeper at the Palais Royal, of course, protested; but being at length compelled to yield, he threw down his sword and cried, "Miséricorde!" It availed him not. The soldiers, infuriated by his previous resistance, drew their sabres and cut him to pieces. Over his body they entered the theatre, and went in quest of the actors. It was resolved to subject men and women to similar treatment. The first person they met was a youth named Béjart, who was disguised as an old man for the piece about to be played. With great presence of mind Béjart exclaimed: "Gentlemen! at least spare an old man of

seventy-five, who can at best have but a short time to live." They were not deceived, but his wit calmed them; and at this moment Molière came upon the scene. In a few words, and without the slightest sign of fear, he pointed out the danger of disobeying the lawful commands of the King, and by his manner so impressed the rioters that order ensued. But the excitement was not so easily allayed. The actors fled through every hole and alley. One prodigious personage, Hubert by name, contrived to pierce a hole, through which he promptly forced his head and shoulders, leaving the rest to chance; "but," says Grimarest, "jamais le reste ne put suivre," so the wretched man was reluctantly drawn back into the theatre by his comrades.

Molière, who levelled his satire against humbug in every form, did not spare the doctors. Indeed, from all accounts, the medical profession gave ample cause for sarcasm. Though pathology was, in the seventeenth century, but little understood, its deficiency was veiled by the vilest affectation of wisdom. The "medicine man," mounted on a mule, paced up and down the streets, gabbling Latin and Greek to those foolish enough to consult him. Whenever he deigned to use his native language, he managed so to interlard his speech with scholastic bombast and scientific expressions as to render himself unintelligible. The following verse conveys a just notion of the class to which Molière so successfully devoted his attention:—

Affecter un air pédantesque,
Cracher du grec et du latin,
Longue perruque, habit grotesque,
De la fourrure et du satin,
Tout cela réuni fait presque
Ce qu'on appelle un médecin!

Molière followed the example of De Montagne, and wounded the susceptibilities of the "faculty" not only in *L'Amour Médecin* and *Le Malade Imaginaire*, but in several other comedies. All Paris laughed with Molière, and the quacks had a bad time of it. In order to give some idea of the insults to which these unfortunate wretches were subjected, I will repeat an anecdote which has been pronounced authentic, and the truth of which there is no reason to doubt. One day while Guénaut, physician in ordinary to Louis XIV., was driving in his coach through the streets of Paris, he happened to be detained by a block of carriages. The driver of a public vehicle, who knew Guénaut by sight, bawled out to his fellows: "*Laissons passer monsieur le docteur; c'est li qui nous a fait la grâce de tuer le cardinal.*" A remark which reminds us of the words inscribed by some Roman wag over the door of Adrian's physician—"Here dwells the liberator of his country."

In the last year of a life passed in combating hypocrisy, Molière, broken in health and spirits, expressed himself thus:—"Un médecin est un homme que l'on paie pour conter des fariboles dans la chambre d'un malade jusqu'à ce que la nature l'ait guéri ou que les remèdes l'aient

tué " *—words which show with what tenacity he clung to the convictions he had so often expressed in his comedies.

Close to the little Gothic church at Auteuil, which soon, alas ! will be levelled with the ground, there stands a villa. This house, though "new vamped," as our fathers would have said, is as interesting as the church itself. Here, on sultry summer nights, came Molière, Boileau, Lafontaine, Chapelle, Racine, and others whose names have been inscribed on the tablets of Fame. Chapelle appears to have been the leading spirit at these gatherings ; his rollicking humour and unflagging wit cast a charm over a society whose conversation might otherwise have been a trifle too learned. Chapelle had a great fault, however, and one which, to a certain extent, annoyed his companions. He was too fond of his bottle—a weakness for which he was once taken seriously to task by Boileau. They met in the street. Chapelle appeared convinced of the truth and justice of Boileau's admonition. He promised to give his friend's warning serious attention, but in order, as he said, to talk more at their ease, he invited Boileau to enter a house close at hand, which chanced to be a cabaret. Chapelle, according to custom, ordered a bottle of wine—then another—which was in due course followed by a third. While thus employed he kept on replenishing Boileau's glass, which the good man, wholly absorbed by his own homily, as promptly drained. The result might have been foreseen. When every invective against "inflaming wine—pernicious to mankind," had been exhausted, neither the moralist nor his auditor could stand ! Such was Chapelle, the gayest dog in that giddy company. Such was Molière's most intimate friend ; one who loved him truly, and who stood by him through every blast of affliction, every curse of prejudice, to the very last. Of the revelry which ran riot in that little villa at Auteuil I have not the space to speak. Let the reader turn to the glowing pages of Voltaire, Grimarest, and Saint-Marc, pages which will amply reward him for the trouble.

I have already briefly alluded to Molière's generous conduct towards young Racine—generosity which has been rarely equalled and never surpassed in the history of letters. It was that sympathy of kindred genius which courts rather than fears rivalry. We have seen Racine admitted by Molière to the intimacy of Boileau, Lafontaine, and the great spirits of that great age, favours for which Molière had a right to expect something like gratitude. But I regret to say that the only return made by Racine consisted in the record, after Molière's death, of a scandal, the truth of which impartial history has abundantly disproved. I should not have mentioned this baseness, but that it forms a particle of that mosaic of human existence, whose completeness would be marred by the absence of a single stone. It may be a worthless pebble in itself, and yet its presence is required in order to form a sombre contrast to the glory of

* Grimarest, p. 74.

Molière. Generosity is the child of genius. Molière's benevolence was not confined to any particular object, it was the outcome of a nature easily susceptible to compassion. On one occasion, having been importuned by a poor comedian named Mondorge for means to rejoin his troupe, Molière gave him twenty-four pistoles and several splendid theatrical costumes. On another, while driving with Charpentier, a poor man at the roadside implored his charity. Molière unhesitatingly threw him a piece of money and drove off. The carriage had gone some distance when Charpentier observed the mendicant running after them, making violent gestures. They ordered the coachman to pull up. When the poor man arrived, breathless, he exclaimed, "Sir, you are probably not aware that you gave me a louis-d'or—I am come to return it." "Stay, my friend,"—replied Molière—"en voilà un autre." As they drove off he whispered to Charpentier, "*Où la vertu va-t-elle se nicher?*"

On August 5, 1667, *Tartufe*, which had for so long been proscribed, was for the first time publicly performed, under its new title, *L'Imposteur*. It received enthusiastic approval, a circumstance which so disconcerted all the *tartufes* in Paris, that they once more prevailed upon Parliament to interdict its performance. This satire was all the more pungent on account of Molière selecting the Abbé de Roquet for delineation in its principal rôle. This individual, afterwards elevated to the Bishopric of Autun, was one of Madame de Longueville's admirers, and famous for his profligacy. Fielding has well said: "Let a man abuse a physician, he makes another physician his friend; let him rail at a lawyer, another will plead his cause gratis; but let him once attack a *hornet*, or a priest, both nests are instantly sure to be upon him." This was a case in point. Without an instant's hesitation the entire priesthood of France rose like a mighty wave against Molière, and swept his obnoxious satire from the stage. The clamour raised against its immorality was as incessant as causeless. Its sole offence consisted in a too merciless exposure of the cant and hypocrisy rampant at the time. In after years Molière had his revenge. *Tartufe* revived, never more to die, but to form an eternal monument of genius. *L'Avare* and *Les Femmes Savantes* followed close upon the footprints of *Tartufe*. Avarice, that "fine old gentlemanly vice," and the pedantry to which I have elsewhere alluded, gave the indefatigable satirist ample scope for derision. The upper and middle classes, ever at variance, were never more estranged from each other than at this time. Not only did they view the fitness of life from opposite standpoints, but the natural jealousy which exists between them was heightened by a want of that sympathy which only a community of interests can awaken. The gallants who infested court and society dissipated without hesitation the heritage of their fathers. They sought fortune at gaming-tables, and wasted what was left of their leisure in the pursuit of amorous intrigues. The middle class, on the other hand, were for the most part content to pass their days in seclusion. They learnt to read and write, not for

mental culture, but for the purpose of promoting mercantile ventures, and passed their lives storing up riches, wherein they saw the only chance of happiness. It was essentially an age of avarice, and the ridicule hurled at Harpagon was but an appeal to reason. The miser's grief at the loss of his money-chest has afforded, and will continue to afford, merriment to posterity. This play, in 1733, was imported into England by Fielding, who infused much genuine wit into his adaptation. The *Avare* pleased instantly, and had a long run on the English stage.

Les Femmes Savantes forms a sequel to *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, to which it is in every respect superior. The characters "Trissotin" and "Vadius," drawn from life—the former Abbé Cotin, the latter Ménage—might, with but little change of dress and scene, figure among the poetasters of to-day.

Savez-vous en quoi Cotin
Diffère de Trissotin ?
Cotin a fini ses jours,
Trissotin vivra toujours.

The success of this piece was so palpable, and the state of Molière's health so precarious, that his friends urged him to give up the stage and devote himself exclusively to composition.

The Académie Française offered to make him a member, and commissioned Boileau to ascertain his views. "Votre santé," said Boileau, "dépérit, parce que le métier du comédien vous épuise; que n'y renoncez-vous?" "Hélas!" replied Molière, with a sigh, "c'est le point d'honneur." The point of honour consisted in not abandoning those poor actors who relied solely on him for their daily bread.* It was this point of honour to which Molière clung to the last, that he so frequently urged as an excuse for wasting his abilities on compositions which were sometimes unworthy of his genius. "If I worked for honour and glory," he said one day, "my works would have a different tendency. But it behoves me to address the groundlings in suitable language, and to keep them amused in order to support my troupe. Lofty sentiments and purity of style would be a mere waste of time—my poor comedians would starve."

Molière's last work, *Le Malade Imaginaire*, appeared in the early part of 1673. Its success was not for one moment doubtful. At its fourth representation Molière, who so admirably sustained the chief character, "Argan," burst a blood-vessel. The audience noticed the change in his demeanour, but the courage of Molière carried him through the piece. When the curtain fell on the last scene of this inimitable comedy its author sank exhausted to the ground. Four porters bore him gently to his house in the Rue de Richelieu, where he remained for some hours insensible. With returning consciousness sprang a desire to make his peace with God, and Molière bade his attendants summon the pastor

* *Mémoires sur la Vie de Racine*, 1747, p. 121.

of St. Eustache. This divine not only refused his services, but sternly forbade his assistants to visit the dying comedian. After considerable delay a priest was found, but the good man only reached his post to find Molière speechless. Those precious moments which precede death had been wantonly wasted. That priceless consolation which lightens the heart of its burthens was denied to the man who had scourged the hypocrites and empirics of his time. Molière, left to struggle against Death and Doubt on the very threshold of the grave, at length quitted the confines of passion and prejudice on February 17, 1673. He was not alone. At his side stood two Sisters of Charity, whose gentleness in this supreme hour amply requited the generosity which, we are told, they never failed to awaken in the author of *Tartufe*.

One would have supposed the Church to have reached the limits of persecution when it denied its consolations. Not so. The Archbishop of Paris—Harlay de Champvalon—whose debaucheries were the common talk of the town, and the tenour of whose life was a scandal to his order, absolutely refused to sanction the last rites of the Church. He decreed that Molière be buried like a dog. History says: "Le comédien vertueux ne put trouver grâce auprès de ce comédien hypocrite." Chapelle's indignation knew no bounds. He hurled the weight of his genius at the altar of prejudice, and flooded the town with a torrent of reproach. The following verse was written at the time :—

Puisqu'à Paris on dénie
La terre, après le trépas,
A ceux qui, pendant leur vie,
Ont joué la comédie,
Pourquoi ne jette-t-on pas
Les bigots à la voirie ?
Ils sont dans le même cas.*

By the King's order this decree was in some measure set aside, and the Archbishop consented to Molière's burial on condition that his body be taken direct to the cemetery without resting at the church. This seemed like a concession, but the wily prelate had his little plot already hatched. He gave strict orders to the pastor of St. Eustache to refuse his ministry, and at the same time caused a rabble to assemble at Molière's door, so as to prevent the coffin passing down the street. Molière's widow, whose despair may well be imagined, appealed to the rabble in vain. She was at length advised to throw a few "broad pieces" to the crowd. She did so, and showers of *sous* to boot. The effect was miraculous ! not only was the coffin permitted to pass unmolested, but the mob—which a moment before had vowed to obstruct—now turned its head towards Montmartre, and solemnly followed the body to its haven. In addition to these mercenaries, one hundred persons, mostly his friends, each bearing a lighted torch, reverently escorted the mortal remains of Molière in silence to the grave.

* *Récréations Littéraires*. Cizeron-Rival, p. 72.

Justice to William.

A FEW months since I gave the readers of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE a short discourse on the Adventures of an English Christian Name, in which I traced the varying fortunes of the word John from the period of its first introduction amongst us to the present day. The number of letters with which I was inundated upon the subject immediately afterwards, convinced me that the history of Christian Names was not without interest to a wide circle of readers; and I must take this opportunity of apologising to such of my correspondents as my engagements prevented me from answering at the time. But I was much struck by one coincidence in all these letters; each of my unknown friends was anxious that I should devote a similar article to the elucidation of his or her own cognomen. Unfortunately, the number of pages in this periodical being strictly limited, I am unable to comply with a variety of requests which would compel the editor to swell the present number to the dimensions of a volume in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." There is one name, however, in favour of which I must really make an exception, if only in self-defence. Since the publication of that harmless paper, life has been made a burden to me by every William of my acquaintance. There are more Williams than Johns in England at this moment, and they feel aggrieved at the implied slight I have cast upon their clan. I have been so often asked when I was going to do justice to William that I dread the very appearance of an initial W upon a card, until I have learnt that it merely stands for Walter Jones, or Wilkins Micawber. Accordingly, I propose to-day to wipe out my obligations to every bearer of the name in England or elsewhere, and to offer my sincerest apologies for previous neglect. I will make the *amende honorable* to William with all possible expedition.

Before I begin, however, I may perhaps be pardoned if I mention what was the first circumstance which directed my attention to the subject of personal names; because it will serve to show what valuable aid they often give in settling ethnological or linguistic questions, and may thus arouse a rational interest in nomenclature even amongst those hard-headed persons who consider the study of such trifles as unscientific and somewhat childish. I once had a friend whose name was Ready. Happening to talk with him one day about the origin of the word in question, I suggested, with the glibness born of ignorance, that some one of his ancestors must have derived the nickname from his habitual punctuality; and I instanced what I thought the analogous case of "Ethelred the Unready." Unfortunately for me—or, perhaps, I should rather say fortu-

nately—my friend knew a great deal more about the matter than I did, and quashed my simple theory by a statement of facts. First of all, he explained to me that Æthelred was called *Unredy* because he was lacking in *rede* or counsel; so that the epithet might better be modernised into “the Ill-advised,” or “the Incapable.” Next, he showed me, by the aid of a few family documents in his possession, that the original name of his ancestors had been Meredith, or, to write it Welsh fashion, Mareddydd. Now in Wales, the accent is always thrown on the last syllable but one,—the penultimate as we say in Latin prosody. So Merédith is pronounced much as though it rhymed with “weddeth.” A couple of hundred years ago, one of these Welsh Merédiths settled in Staffordshire; but as he kept close, apparently, to the original pronunciation of his name, it was anglicised by his neighbours, not into the usual Méredith (which is formed on the regular English rule of throwing the accent backward), but into Meready. Careless utterance soon corrupted that sound to M'ready, and finally to Ready. The four stages—Mareddydd, Meredith, Meready, and Ready—were all to be found consecutively in my friend's documents. I may add that such changes have seldom taken place amongst educated families at so late a date; but in the days before the Renaissance they are very clearly traceable by similar evidence. Thus many modern Chumleys have gone through all the variations of Cholmondely, Cholmdely, Cholmley, and Chumley.

This instance set me thinking upon the origin of surnames, and I soon found that I could not get back any distance in the search without a previous investigation of their predecessors, our Christian Names. The more deeply I went into the subject the more convinced did I become of its great value as an elucidator of historical or ethnical problems; and when I began to read the early form of our language which we foolishly call Anglo-Saxon—it is really English in its purest shape, unadulterated by French or Latin elements—I found that a correct comprehension of nomenclature was indispensable to the right understanding of our early history. Therefore I shall make no apology for a few more preliminary remarks upon the general method involved.

You will see at once, from the case of my friend Ready, that we cannot safely proceed by guess-work, but must seek the evidence of written documents for the original forms of every name. Let us take an extreme instance of the opposite mode of procedure. One of my correspondents, on the occasion of my last paper, gravely objected to the derivation of Wilkinson there given from Wilkin, the diminutive of William, and asserted that it really meant “a son of one of the kin of Will.” Furthermore, he was of opinion that the word “William” itself arose from the chance answer of a certain Will, who, on being asked his name, answered, “Will I am.”* Of course, I need hardly tell you that

* Lest I should be suspected of romancing, I must say that this derivation was seriously proposed, in writing, by an educated man, who had evidently given a good deal of attention to surnames, without the aid of scientific method.

history shows us Williams before it shows us Wills; that the latter word means nothing intelligible by itself, and so could not possibly have been the original form; and that William is only a corruption of the High German Wilhelm, concerning which, as the melodramatists say, more anon.

But how, it will be asked, can you get sufficient materials for comparing and observing the early shape of various names? Upon this subject a great deal of misconception generally prevails. Few people have any notion of the immense number of legal or other documents—charters, grants of land, deeds of sale or exchange, records of facts, and wills or testaments—which still exist of the period before the Norman Conquest. They think that the only names we possess of that epoch are the few mentioned in the English Chronicle, and ridiculously travestied in our school histories. But the fact is, every “Anglo-Saxon” deed, of which hundreds remain, has the signatures of from ten to a hundred witnesses appended to its text; and from these alone we can get a vast number of different names, and watch the growth of nomenclature from age to age. I attempted to count up, for your benefit, the whole list of such signatures in one of the great printed collections—Thorpe’s *Diplomatarium Ævi Saxonici*—but when I had reached three thousand my statistical ardour began to cool, and I thought it would be better to present you with the translation of a single early specimen, which illustrates both the type of nomenclature and the bombastic style of the period. It is a charter of Beorhtuulf, King of the Mercians, a contemporary of Æthelwulf of Wessex, father of King Alfred the Great. It bears date A.D. 840; it is written entirely in Latin; and it contains a grant of land to the church of St. Mary at Evesham.

“When Nemroth the giant built Babilon and the tower of confusion, Scripture declares that language was widely scattered, and that thenceforward arms and war began through hatred. But when the tyranny of Babilon passed away, it is certain that Rome raised high her head, who through the diverse languages and nations instituted law and justice, and compelled them by force to pay tribute. But the Divine Grace refused not, to whom honour and taxes were due, thither to render them, saying: Render what things are Caesar’s to Caesar, and what things are God’s to God. This, therefore, being heard and premised, I, Beorhtuulf, King of Mercians, for the cure of my soul and the hope of eternal reward, willingly grant in perpetuity to the church of Saint Mary, the blessed mother of God, and ever virgin, which is situated in Eoueshame, seventeen manses, *videlicet*, x in Cwentune, ii in Pebeurth, and v in Mapeles-baruue. And let this aforesaid land be free from all burdens or secular demands, except these three, the building of bridges, and of fortifications, and the military service. But whoso shall be willing to observe this our munificent grant, for him may an eternal reward be laid up: and whoso shall be unwilling, and shall endeavour to break it, may Almighty God break his rule and power, both here and in the life to come, and

place his part with the devil, in the pit of nether darkness, unless he shall worthily make amends for his fault. Now this charter" ("singrapha" [*sic*] in the original) "was engrossed in the year of our Lord's incarnation DCCCXL., indiction iii., in the second year of the reign of the said king Beorhtuulf. These are the witnesses:—

"I, Beorhtuulf the King, in the name of the holy and undivided Trinity, granted and gave this grant. I, Saethrith the Queen, granted it. I, Tunberht the Bishop, granted it. I, Alhhun the Bishop, granted it. I, Ceolred the Bishop, granted it. I, Beorhtred the Bishop, granted it. I, Æthelhard the ealdorman, granted it. I, Hunberht the ealdorman, granted it. I, Mucel the ealdorman, granted it. I, Ælfstan the ealdorman, gave my assent."*

But some people will object that charters, by their very nature, can only contain the signatures of kings, bishops, earls, and other high functionaries. How can we know, they will ask, what were the usual names of ordinary farm-labourers and serfs at that early period? Even for these we have abundant documentary evidence in wills, manumissions, guild rules, and other remains of private life. Here, for example, is the pedigree of a labouring family at Hatfield, which will show how carefully their connexions were recorded, in order to secure the rights of their lord. I have altered the "Anglo-Saxon" into modern English as little as possible, but I trust it will be intelligible to most of my readers.

Dudda was a boor in Hæthfelda [Hatfield]. And he had three daughters. One hight Deorwyn; the other, Deorswyth; the third, Golde. And Wullaf at Hæthfelda hath Deorwyn to wife. And Ælfstan at Tæcingawyrthe [Tatchingworth] hath Deorswithe to wife. And Ealhstan, Ælfstan's brother, hath Golde to wife. One hight Hwite was bee-keeper in Hæthfelda. And his daughter, who hight Tate, was mother of Wulfsige the archer. And Hehstan at Wealadene [Walden] hath Sulle, Wulfsige's sister, to wife. Wifus, and Dunne, and Seolocce, were inborn at Hæthfelda. Wifus' son, hight Duding, is settled at Wealadene. And Dunne's son, hight Ceolmund, is eke settled at Wealadene. And Seolocce's son, hight Æthleah, is eke settled at Wealadene. And Mæg at Weligun [Welwyn] hath Cenwald's sister, hight Tate, to wife. And Ealdelm, Herethryth's son, hath Tate's daughter to wife. Wærstan's father, hight Wælaf, was a right [or lawful] serf at Hæthfelda. He held [or kept] the grey swine.†

One other short document, from the fly-leaf of the Abbey Missal at Bath, has a singular interest to Englishmen of the present day, when slaves cannot touch British soil without becoming free.

Here is made known, in this Christ's book, that Ægelsige, Byttig's son, hath bought out Hildesige his son from Aelfsige, Abbot of Bath, and from all the minster, for sixty pence, to everlasting freedom.

Dozens of like documents inform us how "Godwig, the Buck, bought Leofgifu, the Bakester;" how "Hallwyn Hoce, in Execestre [Exeter], has freed Hægelflæd, her woman;" or how "Ediwu, Sæfugl's widow,

* Kemble, *Codex Diplomaticus Ævi Saxonici*, ii. 6, No. cxcliv.

† Thorpe, *Diplomatarium Ævi Saxonici*, 649.

bought Gladu from Colewine, for half a pound, as price and toll; and Alword, the Port-reeve, took the toll." From a vast collection of such entries, we can get a clear notion of the names most current amongst the mass of the people in every part of England during the first period of our national life.

If the materials for a history of nomenclature before the Norman Conquest are so abundant, I need hardly say that they are still more abundant after that great central era. *Domesday Book* alone contains such a directory of all England in the time of King William as it would be hard to find for the England of our own day. Add to this the charters, wills, muniments, local records, tombs, and other public documents and private monuments, in all the guildhalls, chapter-houses, churches, castles, and abbeys of Great Britain, and you have a mass of matter far more copious than the most industrious investigator could ever attack single-handed. Even after all the good work performed by Mr. Lower, Mr. Bardsley, and Miss Yonge, the study of English nomenclature is still in its infancy.

But all this time, how about William? Have I offered him justice merely that I may add insult to injury, and keep him waiting in the vestibule while I am considering the claims of Godric and Æthelthryth? I must put him off no longer, but make him the tardy amends which he claims with his fifty thousand separate mouths.

William is one of those numerous names which belong to the tertiary stratum of English nomenclature. First of all in our history come the pure English cognomens, which our fathers brought with them from their old home in Sleswig Holstein. These, which are exemplified in King Beorhtuulf's charter, we may regard as forming the primary series. Next ranks the secondary deposit of Danish names, thickly scattered over the north-east of England by the colonists who turned that region into the Denalagu. Thirdly, we get the tertiary stratum of Norman-French Roberts, Henrys, and Richards. This stratum, as I have already pointed out while dealing with the case of John, consists of original High German words, transplanted to Lâon and Paris by the Frankish conquerors of Gaul, adopted in turn by the Romanised Keltic people from their Teutonic aristocracy, handed on to the Scandinavian settlers in Normandy, carried once more by the Norman barons to England, and there finally accepted by the Saxon, Anglian, and Danish population. What a queer, round-about circuit, from Franconia to Edinburgh, viâ Paris and Rouen;—from High German to Low German, through Latinised Kelt and Gallicised Northman! This is one of those strange facts of history which we could never have guessed for ourselves, if we had not the certainty of documentary evidence to guide us on our way.

The earliest form of the name William with which I am acquainted is that of Wilhelm. It so happens that this form might equally well be High or Low Dutch, because the sounds which make it up are none of them those liable to change in passing from the one group to the

other. Its two component elements, Will and Helm, are good English and good German alike. This is not the case with such a name as Thiodric, or Theodoric, the Ruler of the People, which, by Grimm's Law—that bugbear of young philologists—becomes Dietrich in High German. I must congratulate my readers upon such a happy chance, for almost the only consonants free from like interchange are exactly those which occur in Wilhelm; and thus we are spared the reciprocal annoyance of giving and receiving a lecture on that driest of all dry Teutonic discoveries. Rest in peace, O well-named Grimm; thou and thy Law shall not be rudely handled by my profane pen.

It is a little tautological to say that Will means Will, but not quite so much so to say that Helm means Helmet. Of course, we all know the old and shorter form, of which helmet is a diminutive; if nowhere else, at least in Gray's "Helm nor hauberk's twisted mail." Originally, then, Wilhelm meant something very like "stout warrior"; for in early times men think of abstract qualities mostly by their corresponding concrete. The "resolute crest" that was always seen in the thick and forefront of the savage fight, that is the underlying notion of the modern William. One may, perhaps, compare it with the stock Homeric epithet, Hector of the glancing casque.

There are many other Helms in Germany besides Wilhelm, such as Helmbold, Helmerich, and Helmhart, the helmeted chief, and king, and the firm helmet, respectively; while the Norse Hjalmar, the crested warrior, gives us the same idea in a Scandinavian dress.* But I will not linger on this part of my subject, since I know English readers have a certain impatience of Old High German, for which I cannot truly blame them, considering the pains taken by the philologists of the Fatherland to make that language supremely uninteresting.

When the Franks moved eastward from their Teutonic home into the country to which they have given the name Frankreich or France, they naturally took with them all their German names. Whether Wilhelm was one of these, or whether it came in later with the dynasty of Karl the Great—our Charlemagne—I cannot tell you; though perhaps some more learned person may have met with the name in the pages of Gregory of Tours or his successors. At any rate, it speedily passed into general use in Normandy, as soon as the Scandinavian settlers had called the rich province of Neustria after their own race. The first generation of Northmen in Gaul naturally bore such Norwegian names as Hrolf, Grim, Biörn, Harold, Thor, and Haco. But the younger crop of Christianised and Gallicised Normans copied the baptismal designations of their Frankish over-lords; and thus Hrolf himself, the Rollo of our mutilated histories, first Duke of the new principality, gave his son and successor the Frankish name of Wilhelm. This Wilhelm was fol-

* I owe my acknowledgments for many particulars to Miss Yonge's interesting work on Christian Names.

lowed by a continuous line of Richards, Roberts, and other Wilhelms, till at last the dynasty culminated in the great Conqueror of England, who introduced the Norman titles into his new kingdom.

William the Conqueror himself spelt his name Willelm, though, for a reason to be mentioned hereafter, the form Pillelm occurs most often on his coins. Even before the Conquest, Williams were by no means unknown in England; for the Normanising tendency had already begun at the court of Eadward the Confessor. "Willelm Biscop," as the Chronicle calls him, was a well-known personage under the saintly king: and English families even then had taken a fancy for calling their sons after the intrusive foreigners who flocked to the hospitality of Westminster and Winchester. In fact, Norman names were getting fashionable. But after the Conquest, the fashion became an irresistible tide. In a few years all our native names had disappeared, and every Dudda and Tate in England was christening his or her children "Rodbert," "Heanrig," and "Gesfrei," the Robert, Henry, and Geoffrey of later days.

Of course the royal cognomen Willelm was the greatest favourite among all these new importations. Mr. Bardsley finds no less than sixty-eight persons so called in *Domesday Book*, so that it had spread widely even during the lifetime of the victor of Hastings. "This name," says Camden, "hath been most common in England since William the Conqueror, insomuch that on a festival day in the court of King Henry II., when Sir William St. John, and Sir William Fitzhamon, especial officers, had commanded that none but the name of William should dine in the great chamber with them, they were accompanied with one hundred and twenty Williams, all knights, as Robert Montensis recordeth, *anno* 1173." Next, it passed into the lowlands of Scotland, with William the Lion. Through the Middle Ages, however, it began to decline again, as John and Henry came into fashion. I must ask leave to quote once more Mr. Bardsley's interesting account of its subsequent history, after its failing popularity during the Plantagenet period: for although I have once before extracted it, *à propos* of John, we cannot well omit it here, where its bearing upon our present subject must chiefly be considered. "It is interesting," says that painstaking author, "to trace the way in which William has again recovered itself in later days. Throughout the Middle Ages it occupied a sturdy second place, fearless of any rival beyond the one that had supplanted it. Its dark hour was the Puritan commonwealth. As a Pagan name, it was rejected with horror and disdain. From the day of the Protestant settlement and William's accession, however, it again looked up from the cold shade into which it had fallen, and now once more stands easily, as eight centuries ago, at the head of our baptismal registers. John, on the other hand, though it had the advantage of being in no way hateful to the Puritan conscience, had, from one reason or another, gone down in the world, and now has again resumed its early place as second."

Meanwhile, the form of the word had been undergoing a steady

change. It appears as Willelm throughout the English Chronicle, till the abrupt conclusion of that great work in the troublous reign of Stephen (A.D. 1154). In Robert of Gloucester (A.D. 1298) it has been worn down to Willam; and at least as early as Piers the Plowman (A.D. 1362) it had assumed its modern dress of William. Thus we have clear documentary evidence, were any needed, that our existing name is in very fact the genuine and undoubted descendant of the old High German Wilhelm.

The modern French equivalent of William is of course Guillaume. This form, again, descends from Wilhelm through the intermediate stages of Willelme and Willeaulme. All Keltic nations have a fancy for inserting a guttural before words which begin with a *W*. Thus William in Welsh changes to Gwilym. Similarly our Teutonic *war* becomes *guerre* in French, while to *wager* reappears as *gager*, so that *wages* and *gages* are really the same word. *Gâter* is to *waste*, *gâteau* is the old English *wastel*, and *gaufres* are our *waffles*. In like manner the Teutonic Walter becomes Gaultier and finally Gautier. Sometimes modern English has preserved both the alternative forms from the mother tongue and the Norman French. For example, to *ward* survives by the side of to *guard*; *warden* lives together with *guardian*; a *warranty* is equivalent to a *guarantee*; and we do things either in a certain *wise* or in some other *guise*. These analogies show us easily enough the manner in which Wilhelm passed into Guillaume.

The next step was naturally to Latinise it. Our old chroniclers were quite content with Willelmus, even if they did not, like the Bayeux tapestry, occasionally indulge in the barbaric simplicity of "Hic est Willelm Dux." The Conqueror's coins generally bear the legend "Pillelm Rex," or "Pillelm Rex," where the *P* stands as the old English form of *W*; but his great seal reads "Willelmus." His son, the Red King, also varies between "Pillem" and "Pillelm," while one of his coins has the very modern-looking form "Piliem." The great seal, too, gives us the Latinised "Wilielmus." If we put these variants side by side with "Willielmus" and "Wilgelmus," from the Bayeux tapestry, it is clear that the liquid sound of the double *l* must have begun to be felt very early, thus accounting for the latter softening into William. More cultivated ages of course objected to the Teutonic *w* as anything but Ciceronian; and after the Renaissance, the French form was transliterated as Guillelmus. Archbishop Sancroft thus appears on the "Seven Bishops' Medal" under James II., as does also his right reverend brother, Lloyd of St. Asaph. Even on a medal of William III., we find the inscription "Invictissimus Guillelmus Magnus." But the Protestant champion figures on the regular coinage as Gulielmus, a variation formed by more ardent purists upon the correct analogy of the Italian Guglielmo. This is the shape now currently accepted as the classical Latin form throughout all Europe, though the intermediate stage of Guilielmus still lingers

on in remote quarters. So difficult a task is it even to trace the modifications of a single Christian name.

I cannot honestly say that the diminutive forms from William are quite so interesting as those from John. The earliest is Willè, which occurs in Gower's "*Vox Clamantis*." As the final vowel was sounded, this abbreviation cannot have differed much in pronunciation from the modern Willie. Like others of its class, it soon degenerated into simple Will; and in that guise it became the familiar designation in Elizabethan times, being the most frequent title of Shakespeare himself. Another mediæval pet form was Wilkin, occasionally shortened to Wilkie or Wilk, just as Jankin was abbreviated into Jacky and Jack. Rarer diminutives are Wilcock and Wilmot, beside a score of others, which it would be tedious to enumerate in full.

As for Bill, his origin seems to be quite modern, and he is rightly restricted for the most part to the rougher classes of our population. Nevertheless, he has given rise to a secondary form, Billy, and has even stood as godfather to the billy-cock hat. Some authorities, indeed, trace to him the patronymic Bilson; but as the word itself never occurs in our early literature, I feel convinced that the last-named form is a mere corruption of the local surname Bilston.

The favourite diminutive in our own time is undoubtedly Willie; and here it is worth notice that the endearment of family ties in modern life seems to have made a distinct difference in the character of our pet names. The curt mediæval Jack and Kate are replaced by the softer sounds of Johnnie and Katey; while such harsh monosyllables as Bob and Moll have been banished from the fireside to the street or the public-house. Almost all our present short names have a decidedly affectionate ring. Just compare Ernie or Edie with Dick or Joan, and you will see at once how much more redolent of home and happiness are our later diminutives. Yet this change is really no more than a return to the original form of the pet names, which were first provided with two syllables, as in Willè, Jackè, Bobbè, then shortened to Will, Jack, Bob, and finally lengthened again to Willie, Johnnie, Bobbie. Thus does history repeat itself even in so small a particular as the fashion of our nicknames. Nay, is not the Queen Anne revival actually bringing back the once obsolete Patty and Dolly and Kitty before our very eyes?

William has given rise in turn to many and various surnames of diverse orders. First of all, it occurs in the simple form as a patronymic. Next, with the sign of the possessive, it gives origin to the family of Williams. The addition of the word *son* supplies a name to the Williamsons. The common diminutive is answerable in like manner for Will, Wills, and Wilson. So the alternative form affords the parallel series, Wilkin, Wilkins, and Wilkinson; while the well-known Scotch name of Jack finds its analogue in Wilks, or in the more aristocratic shape associated in all our minds with "Wilkes and Liberty." The name of our *genre* painter Wilkie may be compared with Hankey, and Wilkison with

Simpkisson. Our third diminutive, Wilcock, accounts for Wileox and Wilcockson. Mr. Bardsley cites the more recondite forms, Willis, Willmott, Wilmot, Willot, Willet, and Willert. Even these are but a mere gleanings from the whole sheaf. The progeny of William spread everywhere over the land, and almost rival those of John in their ubiquitousness.

Nor is this all. Besides the true English William, his Welsh synonym has given us a large tribe of Gwilliams, and of Gwilyms. From Guillaume, through its diminutive Guillot, come Gillot and Gillett, which should therefore be sounded with the initial hard, and not as if written Jillot. Possibly the rare surnames Gillam and Gillard are derived from the same source. The Scotch supplement the list with their Mac Williams; but I do not know of any Irish equivalent. The reputation of Herr Willelmj in England has made another Low Dutch form familiar to our ears. Altogether, without travelling outside the British Isles, some forty-five separate patronymics may be traced to the original Wilhelm.

The *nom de plume* of the American humourist, Mr. Josh Billings—a feeble shadow of the inimitable Artemus—shows us in a truly lamentable manner “to what base uses we may come at last.” Though not directly derived from William, the name Billings is so closely analogous to that of Williamson that it deserves a passing mention in the present history. The syllable *ing* was the patronymic termination in Early English, or rather in the Teutonic languages generally. Whenever the English Chronicle wishes to sum up a genealogy it does so in the following fashion:—“Aethelwulf was Ecgþrihting; Ecgþriht was Ealhmunding; Ealhmund was Eafing; Eafa was Eopping; Eoppa was Ingilding; Ingild was Ine’s brother, the West-Saxon king’s.” Regular tribes, bearing such patronymic names, formed the component elements of the early English people, just like the *gentes* of Rome, or the clans and septs of Scotland and Ireland.

A few modern surnames, such as Freeling, Anning, Collings, Hemmings, Harding, Hastings, and Willing, still preserve the memory of this ancient tribal organisation.

When the English colonised Britain, they came over in such clans, composed of members each bearing one of these common titles. Wherever they settled, they called the *ham* or *tun* after their clan name. Thus the Bocings had their home at Buckingham, and the Wealings their town at Wellington. An immense number of these clan settlements are scattered over the whole of Saxon or Anglian Britain, and they enable us to judge roughly the proportion which the different tribes bore in the colonisation. Paddington, Kensington, Islington, Uppingham, Birmingham, Chillingham, and Whippingham, are familiar instances which everybody knows; but a glance at a county map will disclose hundreds of others, and will show the universality of these family homesteads.

Now the Billings were the royal race of the Varini, just as the Merwings or Merovingians were the royal race of the early Franks, super-

seded in later days by the Karlings or Carlovingsians, the descendants of Karl the Great. These Billings derived their origin from some real or mythical ancestor Will, no doubt the brother of Woden, the divine Will or resolution. Without attaching too much importance to the influence of national character upon national mythology, we may recognise a genuine touch of the Teutonic nature in this deification of steadfast purpose. Well, some of the Billings, the sons of the deified Will, came to Britain with their brother Anglians, and settled first at Billing in Northumberland. Thence the younger members of the clan migrated to Billingham and Billingside in Durham, and to Billingley in Yorkshire; for as Mr. Isaac Taylor (to whom here and elsewhere I owe my deepest acknowledgments) has clearly proved, the original colony always bears the clan name alone, while the junior branches add some such distinctive affix as *stead*, *field*, *worth*, or *ham*. But alas for the fate of royal families! The only Plantagenet I ever heard of as a living personage was a mulatto coal-heaver in Kingston, Jamaica. Not otherwise the princely name of the Billings has come to be so ridiculous that it serves as the cheap advertisement of a third-rate American wit; while its only other commemoration is to be found in the doubtful eloquence of our London Billingsgate.

Finally, we may glance for a moment at the various great personages who have made the name of William illustrious or infamous, each after his kind. Besides our four English kings, with their Scotch and German namesakes, William presents us with a goodly roll of miscellaneous celebrities not inferior to that of John. First on the list comes Shakespeare, who is usually described in the style peculiar to newspaper leaders as "the divine Williams." Of lesser poets, one might mention Drummond of Hawthornden, Davenant, Collins, Falconer, Wycherley, Shenstone, Somerville, and Wordsworth. Sir William Hamilton vouches for its philosophic reputation; while William Pitt places it in the first rank of statesmanship. Wilberforce guarantees its philanthropy, Herschel its science; John Wycliff is balanced by William Tindal; and John Baliol grows pale before the fame of William Wallace. John Hampden suggests William Laud; and even Jack o' Lantern cancels out with Will o' the Wisp. As for William of Malmesbury and William of Wykeham, their baptismal designations stand alone, without the adventitious support of a surname. Descending to our own day, it might involve us in political discussion if we instanced the case of William Ewart Gladstone; but all parties and classes alike will do homage to the memory of William Makepeace Thackeray. I trust, therefore, that the living representatives of so favoured a name, will now feel satisfied with the justice which I have endeavoured to deal out to William.

England and Ava.

THE history of Burma yet remains to be written, and the materials are so scanty and conflicting that the task would not be easily achieved. Various chronicles are still in existence; but these are merely monastery or palace records, dealing exclusively with the origin, growth, and decline of some especial dynasty or dagoba. The earliest annals describe how the first Burmese kingdom was founded by Indian emigrants from the west. The valley of the Upper Irawadi was then inhabited by a number of petty tribes with scarcely a shred of order, civilisation, or authority among them. The advent of an Indian prince with his little band of refugees may have been the sole condition required for coherence and organisation. The separate tribes become a nation, the separate states a kingdom, a dynasty is established, and history commences forthwith. The rulers would introduce, as far as possible, their own language, usages, and religion. Their sons and cities would have sonorous Indian titles; they would import astrologers, sages, and as many representatives of their native pantheon as their subjects cared to entertain. A hundred years or so and these would remain, as is at present the case in Burma, the sole testimony to the foreign extraction of the early Irawadi monarchs who gradually combined the wild tribes of its upper reaches into one homogeneous people, with a territory extending from Xathá to Promé, from Yô to Yemétheng. North and east of these boundaries lay the Shan states, then powerful and independent, and along the delta and sea-coast were the "Three Places" of the Talaings. Beyond occasional relations with China and Manipúr, with Siam and its highland tributaries, the whole subsequent peninsular history presents a confused chronicle of incessant strife between these three chief races, who struggled for supremacy as Siam, Kambosa, and Annam contended in the southern region. Each had its period of triumph and disaster, but the Shans were the first to succumb. The struggle between the Burmese and the Talaings was only ended by the latter passing within our peaceful rule.

Just a century before this event, the founder of the present Ava* dynasty commenced his remarkable career. The country had for ten years been subject to Pegu, the ancient line of monarchs was extinct, and southern predominance seemed finally assured. But the higher Irawadi tracts, which had never been completely subdued, were the home

* Ava is the name of a recent capital; but it may be conveniently employed, as it is by the Shans and others, to denote Independent Burma as distinguished from our own province.

of thousands who lived by rapine and disorder, and the success of an obscure villager in one of these northern districts soon attracted a numerous following. His capture of the river fortress at Singú was the signal for universal rebellion; the Talaings were driven across the border, and Aung Zaya, the successful bandit, became Alaung playá, an embryo Buddha. Four years later he conquered Pegu, annexed the Tenasserim provinces, and led an expedition into the heart of Siam. In 1755, while in the full tide of triumph, he received his first impression of our countrymen which has never been thoroughly effaced from the minds of his successors. A mission arrived from the Company's factory at Negrais, which had been established a year or two before, offering their humble congratulations to the conqueror and assistance against his enemies. Alaung playá laughed at the idea of their help being wanted, but granted them the island of Negrais in return for the promise of an annual tribute consisting of ordnance and military stores. Two years later, having strong grounds for suspecting his new subjects of complicity with a Talaing insurrection, he caused the whole settlement, including nearly thirty Englishmen, to be ruthlessly massacred and despoiled, and imprisoned all Europeans living elsewhere within his dominions.

This outrage could hardly be overlooked; and in 1760 an envoy, with the usual prayers and presents, was despatched jointly by the governments of Calcutta and Madras. During three whole months he was treated with the greatest indignity, his effects were plundered, and his humble representations derided. However, the surviving prisoners were contemptuously released, with a warning never to reappear in the country. The Company appear to have regarded this result as satisfactory, and no further negotiations were attempted. Within the next thirty years, the descendants of Alaung playá had repelled a formidable Chinese invasion, had subdued Arakan and the Shan states, and consolidated their rule throughout the country. From their western outposts they were threatening Bengal; and, during our own inaction, French influence was fast becoming formidable. Shortly after their conquest of Arakan, a Burmese army, without any notice, crossed our frontier in pursuit of fugitives, whilst a force of 20,000 men assembled in the rear to support the invasion. No effective opposition was attempted, the refugees were quietly surrendered, and the governor-general thought this occasion a suitable one for a fresh embassy to Ava, which was of course regarded as an act of apology and submission. The envoy, Colonel Symes, allowed himself to be designated and treated as the representative of a tributary power. He thus obtained an order from the king specifying and regulating commercial imposts and sanctioning the establishment of an English consul at Rangoon. On an officer being appointed, however, he was at once summoned to the capital, and there, according to Colonel Yule's account, which is based on official records, "he remained during nine weary months bearing with singular patience every kind of contumely and imposition, the history of which it is quite

painful to read." The Calcutta government were of opinion that the conduct of the Avan court must have indicated personal dissatisfaction with their nominee. They recalled him accordingly, and mildly offered to appoint another. No attention was paid to this overture.

In 1802 and 1803 two further missions were despatched from Calcutta. Both were total failures, and the leaders were, as usual, neglected and insulted. A further envoy was sent in 1811 to offer an explanation on the subject of the raids on Burmese territory, made by Arakanese fugitives within our frontier. During his stay at Rangoon he ventured to protest against a gross violation of our own territory, which had just been committed by Burmese troops, and narrowly escaped with his life in consequence.

During the next decade the power and pretensions of the Avan government had reached a climax. They had conquered Assam and Manipúr, had laid formal claims to Chittagong, Murshidábád, and Dakka, and were menacing our eastern frontier at either extremity. All contemporary accounts describe the Burmese as eager for war. For sixty years they had been ever victorious, and were confident of success against the white "barbarians" they had so long insulted and defied. Finally they forced a rupture by attacking a British outpost, and threatening that, if this act were not quietly submitted to, it would be followed up by the seizure of Dakka and Murshidábád. One last overture was even then made by the Indian government, but without effect, and the war of 1824 was declared.

The design, the conduct, and the results of the first campaign were equally feeble and ineffective. Commissariat and sanitary arrangements were scandalously inadequate, and the mortality was something terrible. Our troops arrived in Rangoon on May 9, at the commencement of the rains, and no advance was made towards Ava till February 15, just the commencement of the next hot weather. After the capture of Donaphyú and the death of Bandúla on April 1, there could be no effective opposition to our progress. Yet the beginning of November, 1825, found the British force still not half way to the capital. Notwithstanding the open sympathy and assistance of the inhabitants, we had taken more than a year to obtain possession of a territory which the Burmese had completely subdued in three months. Naturally this inactivity on our part was ascribed to incapacity or fear, our frequent and foolish overtures for peace were steadfastly rejected, and fresh levies continually enrolled. It was only a revolt at the capital which led to negotiations being commenced, and a treaty was finally concluded by which we abandoned the Talaings to their merciless tyrants, and obtained Arakan and the Tenasserim provinces. Both of these were recent conquests of the Burmese, and the Indian government found them so devastated and unproductive that they would gladly have restored them had there been sufficient excuse. The Burmese thus lost nothing by the war but two troublesome and useless dependencies. Their own territory remained

intact, their prestige very slightly impaired, and there is no gross inaccuracy in the following description of the campaign given in the national chronicle:—

In the year 1187 (Burmese era) the inhabitants of the "Three Places" of the Talaings, and the white "barbarians" residing in Rangoon, being pressed by hunger and disease, ascended the river to petition the Lord of the Golden Palace. On their arrival at Yandabo money was graciously sent to relieve their distress, and they were dismissed with permission to dwell and trade at the extremity of the royal dominions.

The seventh article of the treaty provided that a commercial engagement should be entered into between the two countries, and that a British resident should be permanently located at the court of Ava. Seven months after the end of the war an envoy arrived, and found the old official arrogance very little abated. He failed to negotiate any serviceable treaty, and in accordance with his advice no attempt was made till 1830 to station any permanent agent. Colonel Burney, who was then appointed, resided in Ava till 1837, when the insults and barbarous excesses of Tharawadi constrained his departure. The new king spoke habitually in public with contempt of the British Government, and disclaimed all obligation to observe the treaties made by the brother he had deposed. A new envoy, who was sent in 1838, endured for a whole year persistent discourtesy and neglect, and then had to leave the capital from illness occasioned by insufficiency of food and accommodation. No fresh appointment was made, yet the mad king got more violent and menacing. It was in the reign of his successor, the Pugán prince—the most brutal, incapable, and debauched of all the Alaung phayá stock, who had waded to the throne through a holocaust of slaughter—that our patience again got exhausted and another war commenced. The immediate cause of strife was the refusal of all reparation to the master of a British ship, who had been plundered, insulted, and imprisoned by the governor of Rangoon. With much blundering and delay our troops, after a campaign of twelve months, found themselves in re-possession of the country we had abandoned in 1826, besides the valley of the Siitaung. The feeling at home against the war was so strong, that, had any overtures been made in time, Government was fully prepared again to evacuate their conquests, retaining only Martaban and the Negrais and Diamond Islands. But the Burmese refused to treat, or in any way acknowledge their defeat, and Lord Dalhousie's great proclamation of 1852 freed the Talaings for ever from their tyrants.

The Pugán prince was the son of Tharawadi by his chief queen. In 1853 he was deposed by a half brother, the Mengdon prince, born to Tharawadi's eighth consort. His sister was married to the usurper, and his own wretched life spared at her entreaties. He is alive to this day, having always shown far more interest in a cock-fight than a kingdom. I should remark that in Burma all dignitaries and officials of rank have territorial titles derived from the town or district the revenues of which they enjoy. A monarch, after his accession, is only spoken of as "the

great king of justice" or "glory," and all predecessors are referred to as his relations. The eldest son of Alaung phayá was the Tabayeng prince. He was succeeded by his two younger brothers in turn, and to this day he is known as Naungdógyi pháyah, "the royal elder brother." The Badaung prince, who died in 1819, was succeeded by his two grandsons, and appears in Burmese history as Bhodógyi phayá, the "grandfather" king. The elder of his two successors, the Sagaing prince, has been known during the last two reigns as the "uncle king," both the Pugán and Mengdon princes being his nephews.

The late king was past middle age when he gained the throne; he had been a lad of thirteen when the first war was concluded in the reign of his uncle, had witnessed the successful revolt of his father, and had acted for six years as regent to his brother whom in turn he had himself deposed. Such experiences had made him prudent, and there can be no doubt that he more or less recognised his true position. Cut off from the sea, his country was no longer formidable as a political power; deprived of the fisheries and rice plains of the delta, it was practically dependent for its food on its powerful neighbour. Centuries of strife and tyranny had turned a fertile and populous land into wilderness and ruins. Successful warfare was the only thing that could have reconciled the Burmese to the terrible cruelty and oppression of their kings, and the line of Alaung phayá had hitherto never failed in gratifying the national pride with continuous triumph and plunder. In the English for the first time in history they had been forced to recognise a master; they were cowed and weary, and the last war had simply ceased because no fresh levies had been obtainable. The past was irretrievable, as the king was quite aware; his sole care, accordingly, should be to provide for the immediate future. There was enough of tinsel and tradition to support the tottering monarchy during his own time, and he never affected to look beyond. He has been described as clement and enlightened. He was not a rabid butcher, like his father, his uncle, his brother, and his son, killing from the simple lust of blood; yet his vengeance was none the less implacable and sure. His enlightenment was the merest lacquer. He identified civilisation with machinery and money, and was, if not adverse, at least indifferent to its less concrete accompaniments. During the latter part of his reign he encouraged needy foreigners at his court, and, if they cringed and cajoled enough, his purse-strings were never tied. They supplied him with mills, and steamers, and foundries which he paid for lavishly, but scorned to utilise. He kept Europeans idle in his pay and machinery idle on his premises, and he showed in that way his contempt for both. The one aim of his life—the one essential of his selfish and ignoble policy—was the maintenance of his own prestige. He dreaded our presence and influence, and attempted a system of exclusion to prevent the one, of disparagement to neutralise the other. For nine whole years after his accession he succeeded in keeping us aloof. Even when a commercial treaty was negotiated in 1862 it proved of no practical use, and

the latest one, concluded in 1867, has been habitually contravened. Beyond the region adjoining a few main routes we have as little scientific knowledge of the interior of Burma as of Central Africa.

He was too shrewd to show any overt opposition to the Western China expeditions of 1867 and 1875, but he took effectual precautions that neither should be successful. In the alternative expedient he was more venturesome, and his triumphs were more prominent and imposing. Any slight or affront to the English obviously served two ends: it gratified the king's own resentment and suspicion, while it effectually proved to his subjects that he was not hampered or afraid. In 1864 two English officers, despatched by our Government to explore the Salwen river, were arrested a few miles across the frontier, and compelled to journey up to Mandalay without guides or assistance. The only reason given for this outrage was that they were conveying from the commissioner of Tenasserim letters of introduction to various Shan chiefs, tributaries of Ava, through whose territories they would have to pass. The letters were no doubt foolishly expressed, but scarcely justified such aggression. However, no apology or reparation has ever been made. Similarly the king steadily refused to modify by one iota in favour of our ambassadors the humiliating court ceremonial which his *parvenu* ancestors had elaborated. Even at this moment the British representative, if he enters the palace, would be forced to remove his boots and squat on the floor undistinguishable from the meanest suppliant. The untrained "politicals" who were first accredited by our Government suffered themselves to be habitually derided and overreached, and the king always addressed them in a style he would not have used to the lowest among his own officials. In 1867 an officer and V.C. attached to Colonel Tytche's mission, while in attendance in full uniform the day of its reception at the palace, was struck by a licitor with a bamboo for not moving out of the way of an inferior prince whom he had not even noticed. By way of redress a casual peasant, who declared he was not the real offender, was sent for punishment, which, of course, was not inflicted. Any further remonstrance might have interfered with the notable treaty which was then on the *tapis*, so the affair was allowed quietly to drop. British subjects are even now expected to go on their knees in the street before all high officials, and not a few instances have occurred of Europeans and Eurasians being beaten and otherwise insulted for having refused compliance. The king's embassies to France, Italy, and other Western States were partly a defiance and partly an absurd attempt to gain a footing in Western politics. Official ignorance in Upper Burma is so dense, so bigoted, and so self-complacent that even a course of foreign travel fails to make any permanent impression. The envoys discard their European conceptions as easily as they do the costume, and, after visiting London, Paris, and Rome, return to Mandalay to asseverate that the king is the most powerful, his palace the most beautiful, and his country the largest and most populous in the world. This is no mere question between Peebles

and Paris, between unconstraint and conventionalism, between a monarchy and municipalities. It is rather the blind preference of decay to progress, of savagery to civilisation, of anarchy to authority. The late monarch was so assured of the success of all his schemes, his mock treaties, and diplomatic triumphs that he seriously proposed sending one of his ministers to arbitrate between Russia and Turkey in the late war. Like most Orientals he regarded statecraft as a mixture of bluster, insult, and chicane, and his method, though superlatively coarse and clumsy, was at least effectual so far as we were concerned. The latest case in point is a thoroughly typical one. Towards the close of April, 1878, Mr. J. J. Cooper, the British agent at Bamô, was murdered, with two attendants, by one of the native guard. The criminal was arrested and made over to the Burmese authorities. He attempted neither denial nor justification, and in that wild and lawless region it was especially needful that the murder of an Englishman and an official should meet on the spot with swift and signal punishment. Notwithstanding our remonstrances and solicitations, the man was kept for two whole months in Bamô without anything being done to him. He was then brought down to Mandalay, when the ministers announced with splendid mendacity that it was contrary to the custom of their ruler to allow human life to be taken within his dominions. At that very time the banks of the Irawadi were studded with the corpses of crucified dacoits, and a week had scarcely elapsed when a wretch, for some trivial offence, was beaten to death within the city. Nevertheless this pretext was accepted, and the murderer had to be conveyed across the frontier before he could receive his deserts, 600 miles from the scene of his crime and five months after its occurrence.

The policy of our Government throughout was paltry, but no doubt intelligible. The foolish outcry which had greeted our annexation of Pegu and the reaction which followed Lord Dalhousie's strenuous *régime*, induced a system of caution which was partly ignorance, partly indifference, and partly timidity. The new province was distinct from the rest of India in language, race, and social economy; it had been left for the most part in the hands of the military officers who had helped to win it; it was thriving and contented, and, provided Upper Burmah gave no bother, the Foreign Office was quite willing that the Rangoon government should make its own frontier arrangements. The latter naturally regarded Avan affairs from a purely local standpoint. Any disturbance up there would be followed by an increase of crime, a decrease of revenue and trade, and general statistical deterioration below. The king was barely able even at present to control his straggling, impoverished, and disaffected country. He had narrowly escaped in the rebellion of 1866 when his brother and nephews were butchered before his eyes; the Shans were unruly and defiant, the Scachyens openly hostile, and his own children a source of constant alarm. Why impair the strength and influence which were being so sorely tried? why precipitate the evil time so swiftly and surely approaching? Complaint and self-assertion should be reserved

till the end of the reign, when some action on our part was inevitable. Meantime masterly inactivity undoubtedly consisted in our resident remaining a cipher and a jest. To a cautious Government such arguments appeared unanswerable. It was true that the death of the king, already old and decrepit, would in all probability be followed by an outbreak in the capital, when the lives and property of "barbarians" would be in considerable peril. It was true that our representative had not a guard to protect him, and not a chance of escape if assailed. If the worst came to the worst we should have an unanswerable *casus belli*, provided always that troops were available and the occasion in other respects convenient. Simultaneous trouble in Africa and Afghanistan could not of course be presumed. So matters drifted on, the king's cynical egotism being conspicuous to the end. He commenced his reign with the wanton freak of building a new capital on an unhealthy and inconvenient site, about four miles north of the old city, and forcibly transferring all the inhabitants. He closed it with the foundation of a pagoda destined to be the largest in the world. When he died, it had been for nearly two years in construction at an incredible pecuniary cost, notwithstanding the immense amount of forced labour employed. Governors and tributary chiefs were called in from distant stations to assist, the national revenues mortgaged, and the whole administration of the country interrupted for the furtherance of this insane design. Spite of all this, scarcely the basement has been completed, and for years this unsightly fragment will crumble into ruin, fit emblem of the selfish arrogance and incompetence of its founder and his line. After the murder of the regent, his brother, in 1866, the king had obstinately refused to select or encourage any of the numerous aspirants to the succession. Such a step would probably secure the tranquil continuance of the kingdom; but the jealousy it provoked might cause him personal discomfort and annoyance, which he was determined at all hazards to avoid. His chief queen, a daughter of the "royal uncle," encouraged him in this resolve. She had no son; but the hand of her eldest daughter might determine the future king, and her own great rank and power gave her more or less command of the situation. Immediate precautions were assuredly needful; but she stipulated with the ministers that, if an heir apparent were nominated, she should herself, after the death of the king, be appointed queen regent. Meantime, the old monarch's health was daily becoming more feeble, and it became manifest it was time to act. The princes were all summoned to the palace in the king's name, a lad of nineteen was selected and proclaimed heir apparent, and the rest imprisoned with all their dependents. Two of them, however, contrived to escape to British protection which our resident had the unheard-of temerity to afford them during three months of intrigue and intimidation. Mandalay for the first time got some glimmering of "barbarian" might.

The decease of Mengdon Meng was announced on October 1, about a fortnight after these events. The ministers had never any inten-

tion of abiding by their covenant with the queen. The prince they had chosen had no party; he was young, docile, and inexperienced; and, so long as they kept him under control, they need be afraid of no opposition. His accession to the throne was notified at once, and they commenced a large project of reform. The Burmese government under the present dynasty has been a remarkable instance of direct personal dominancy, absolute, aggressive, and intense. In the earlier Avan and Talaing chronicles, there is frequent mention of nobles and grandees with hereditary charges and distinctions, and rights and privileges more or less prescriptive. Practically, each was supreme in the town or province he controlled, subject to the duty of supplying his suzerain with troops or treasure for the never-ending war. When the Burmese revolted against Talaing oppression in 1751, the titular aristocracy was almost quite extinct. A venturesome peasant led them on to victory, and was able to impose an absolutism on their level masses which a century of the foulest misgovernment has failed to shake. He was careful to restore all the form and fabric of the ancient monarchy, the "golden" palace and metropolis, the elaborate pageantry and ceremonial, the traditional officers of the royal household, and of state. But, as a fact, none of these dignitaries had any specialised duty or command. They were liable at any moment to be murdered or degraded in a fit of passion or mere caprice. Everything but the central power was casual, shifting, and precarious. There was no nobility but the king's nominees; no magistracy or authority but the king's retainers. In all but the smaller appointments no right is recognised either hereditary or prescriptive, and the sale and instability of office are among the most crying evils of this evil rule.

The ministers sought to limit the power of the despot by defining and confirming their own. A cabinet was formed embracing all the chief civil functionaries of the kingdom, each being in charge of a separate department. All questions of state were to be decided by a majority of votes, and the king's functions were to be those of a purely constitutional monarch, with no power of initiative or executive interference. The scheme was fairly well contrived, but it had never a chance of success. The majority of the cabinet were selfish, half-hearted, and distrustful; the public neutral and unintelligent. The household troops had not been conciliated, and their commanders were dissatisfied with the new order of things. The king was a constitutional monarch only so long as he was a captive; and he was a captive only so long as he thought there was force or menace to restrain him, which there never had been in any adequate degree. In four months' time he realised this, and proved cogently his freedom from control by seizing and confining the two most influential men in the cabinet. The constitution at once fell to pieces like a pack of cards.

This *coup d'état* was facile and effective enough, but it necessitated a step beyond. Thibô's position was at present most insecure. Beyond actual possession of the palace, which he owed to the strategy of the

council he had just subverted, he had no better title to the throne than the majority of his brothers and cousins who had been so opportunely arrested. Three of them had nearly succeeded in escaping while the cabinet was still supreme, and while its members had everything to lose by a change. The danger was now increased a hundredfold. The young king's wife, the second daughter of the late chief queen, had won over the palace soldiery for the time by distributing among them with a lavish hand the gold and jewellery of which she had robbed her father's household at his decease. But their loyalty should be utilised at once, and the peril removed promptly and for ever. It would be a mistake to suppose that the recent massacres at the capital resulted in any sense from a transient impulse of fury or fear. The wholesale clearance of political rivals is an integral and invariable part of a royal installation in Ava. It is difficult, indeed, to see what alternative could be adopted. The late king found no opportunity on his own accession, as his brother had been most complete in his precautions a few years before. But he had been regent himself at the time, and must at least have sanctioned all the slaughter which then occurred. The horrors of the last transaction were unusual, and to a certain degree unavoidable. On former occasions the Ottoman method of drowning in sacks had been adopted; but the present capital is built more than a mile inland, and a journey to the river would have been too dangerous. The branded felons who had been employed in the butchery were frenzied with liquor when they commenced, and bloodshed gave a fresh intoxication. They were maniacs rather than murderers.

The part we played throughout was, of course, insignificant. In spite of all prognostic the old king had died, and a new one had succeeded without our interference being in any way solicited or our position in any way improved. The protection afforded by the British resident to the Nyaung-yan and Nyaung-ok princes had made, no doubt, a large impression, but a single resolute act could hardly erase the convictions of a century. The fugitives regarded the step as a desperate venture, but at least preferable to the certain fate which would overwhelm their relations. They foretold from the first that one would be made a king and the rest corpses, and the prediction has turned out true to the letter. The game was too perilous for the elder prince to play, though it is well known that he had a better chance than any other competitor. "I would rather be a merchant among the English," he exclaimed, "than a monarch in Upper Burma." His views have probably been modified since then, but he assuredly will never err on the side of over-daring. Looking back to the events of the last few months their escape appears astounding. A massacre to be effectual must be comprehensive, and had the king thrown off his trammels sooner he would probably have hazarded a breach with our Government to get rid at one sweep of all his rivals. As it was, the ministry tided him over this danger, and the two refugees were safe in Calcutta when all their hapless kindred were

made to perish. There was one event which tended as much as anything to render all remonstrance on our part unavailing. The Cabul war, with its exaggerated peril, was exciting the greatest interest at Mandalay, and telegrams from Africa and Afghanistan were being eagerly perused. News of the Isandula disaster seems to have convinced the court of our present incompetency for action; otherwise the sudden and open slaughter which immediately followed the receipt of this intelligence would, perhaps, have been more gradual and concealed. When authentic tidings arrived, and the resident threatened to retire if the murders were continued, the ministers were quite prepared with a reply. Their country was independent, and their ruler had an indefeasible right to take whatever precautions its safety might require. The presence of a British agent was, no doubt, in some degree a security and a sanction; but his withdrawal would leave them more at liberty, and they had done nothing which could justify hostilities.

Such, then, is the position at present, and it may be prolonged for months. The worst has been imminent so long that any change or certainty would bring relief, but there is no room for suspense and disquietude to increase. In one point all officials have been in thorough accord throughout—namely, to give no pretext for our interference. Thibb's immediate cut-throats may induce him to precipitate a rupture, but it would be quite inconsistent with the court policy up till now. It is no portion of my task to speculate on the future. All Oriental governments have a tendency to decline. Is it the better plan to stand coldly aloof till the decline has become disease and decay, and the fester and ferment of the state has grown too foul and wide to suffer in any form its continuance, or to arrest the disorder in time by kindly warning and control? In this part of the world at least England has no cause for self-reproach. She came as the protector of the slave, the captive, and the oppressed against the conqueror and the tyrant. She has transformed waste, and strife, and squalor into plenty and content. To which state party at home might this conduct be expected to appeal, and is it Whig or Tory who have always hampered and abused? The true Indian policy with native states can never be abstention, which sooner or later leads to annexation. It is rather a position of present influence and potential control, with due care that the one does not interfere with friendship, the other with healthy independence. The viceroy himself has now a representative (at Mandalay), who is quite independent of the Rangoon authorities, and can use a broader, freer, and firmer grasp. Any new departure must at least be an improvement on the old ignoble and indifferent policy which I have briefly described above. There is no other court in the world where a British representative is practically refused admission, where he is treated at the same time as a prisoner and a spy, and prevented from all communication with the people around him. There is no other country in the world where British subjects are exposed to such insult and

obstruction, where agreements and obligations are so systematically ignored. The dynasty of Alaung phayá flourished for just a century (1753-1853), a savage despotism, tempered by deposition. Five out of its ten heirs have been dethroned, and three of these murdered by brother or son. From the founder downwards there is not one of this vile line who has not been guilty of the vilest excesses of a Caligula or Cetewayo, who has not repressed every sign of progress, political, industrial, and intellectual, and encouraged his subjects to truculence and crime. The Burmese, in spite of their genial intelligence, their equal institutions, and admirable creed, remain wholly impervious to those modern influences which educate the sense and refine and amplify needs. Under our own rule a step has been made towards such receptivity, for the people are fairly prosperous and are allowed to accumulate wealth. Taxation is not the rapine, government the oppression, and protection the farce which they appear in an Avan district. Yet annexation would not be welcomed. Our *régime* is well enough adapted for people whose lives are purely mechanic, without political sentiment or political ambition. But the Burmese have an excess of both qualities, and would prefer an indifferent monarch and magistrate of their own to the most impeccable stranger. The Avan problem is not altogether a new one, but we have never had a fairer chance of perfect solution. A few years of quiet and liberal rule would effect almost as vast an improvement as they have within our own prosperous domain. Trade, now cruelly stifled, would revive; the Chyendwen, Myit gnè, and Irawadi be once again the crowded thoroughfares of village traffic; the fields and hamlets now deserted spring up afresh as the haunt and home of men; the Shan and Scachyen highlanders become helpful allies instead of malcontents and foes. The great high roads to China would then at last be fully open, and our merchants find a new and illimitable market. The Irawadi and the *terra incognita* around its sources would then at last be explored, and vast regions opened out to civilisation and light. With an intelligent friend instead of an ignorant foe in the country between China and Assam, between the Shan states and the Irawadi, Indian finance may no longer seem a hopeless enigma, and English commerce may make such an advance as even to compensate for recent depression and constraint.

Art and Democracy.

MANY advantages necessarily accrue to the public from the existence of a corporation like the Royal Academy. One clear benefit conferred by it is that of enabling us to obtain year by year a comprehensive view of the condition of the most popular of the Fine Arts, and to estimate, after a convenient survey, the prevailing temper, style, and tendency of contemporaneous painting. The student of literature is offered no such facilities for forming a parallel judgment. Unless his industry be stupendous, and his patience inexhaustible, he can feel no certainty that a number of books published during the twelvemonth, important either by reason of their intrinsic merit, or because their very defects are indicative of the spirit of the time, have not escaped his attention. Even should he be fortunate enough to have read every truly representative work of the year, it is not easy to recall and collate the impressions made by them successively, and hence he is subject to the experience described by the familiar saying, that one nail drives out another. A kindred difficulty exists in the case of music and architecture. Thanks, however, to Burlington House and the Grosvenor Gallery, the materials for defining the existing idiosyncrasies of pictorial art are brought together in ample abundance, and they who run may read the themes that inspire and the ideals that engross the energy of living artists.

Of the facilities to critical investigation these annual Exhibitions afford, artists themselves have no reason to complain. It is improbable—we think we might almost say it is impossible—that a picture of signal merit should now be painted without obtaining admission to one or other of the galleries we have named. Publicity for merit is thus readily secured, and an artist who is anxious to take the opinion of an absolutely dispassionate public upon his work has not long to wait for a verdict. Meritorious dramas may conceivably be mildewing in private cupboards; and when we remember that none of Shelley's poems went into a second edition in his lifetime, and that of one of the most admirable of them only seventeen copies were sold, it would be presumptuous to assert that a real child of the Muses may not even now be wasting his sweetness on the desert air. But a good picture can command an immediate scrutiny by thousands of persons, all of whom are interested in good pictures. Neither can it be alleged that the public are difficult to please. Severity is not the foible of modern criticism. Indeed, it is oftentimes so indulgent as to recall the reply of Alceste in Molière's *Misanthrope*, when Arsinoë told him that she had the day previously heard him praised by persons whose opinion carried much weight.

Eh ! madame, l'on loue aujourd'hui tout le monde,
 Et le siècle par là n'a rien qu'on ne confonde.
 Tout est d'un grand mérite également doué.
 Ce n'est plus un honneur que de se voir loué ;
 D'éloges on regorge, à la tête on les jette,
 Et mon valet de chambre est mis dans la gazette.

Of praise applicable to no one in particular, but to modern Art in general, the Royal Academy makes certain every year, by the agreeable hospitality it extends to affable Ministers, to ambassadors trained in the art of timely compliment, and to men of letters or science whose own success renders them generous to others whether already successful or yet struggling. Even Pope would have experienced some difficulty in saying what he thought of the verse-makers on whom, as he describes in the Prologue to the Satires, he finally "clapped the door," if, instead of their flying to Twickenham to solicit his opinion, they had asked him to dinner, and had read him their "virgin tragedy" after the second bottle. If guests drop anything into the wine of their host, it must needs be pearls ; and on one day in the year the Royal Academy ensures to contemporary Art an ample supply of courtly admiration.

We are far from implying that these eulogiums are not as sincere as eulogy under such circumstances can well be, or from suggesting that competent and unfettered critics would not bestow warm commendation upon modern Art. We cannot conceive their doing otherwise. But mixed even with the little touches of adulation to be expected from guests of whom it could hardly be said "*In vino veritas*," there almost invariably occurs some qualifying observation, advanced as it were tentatively, and testifying to the embarrassment felt by these distinguished critics while attempting to combine consideration for their hosts with some regard to their own reputation for taste and judgment. None of the illustrious guests of the Royal Academy have been more courageous in eulogy than the present Prime Minister. Last year he astonished the town by expressions of admiration for the works to be seen on the walls of Burlington House, which could hardly have been more lavish had the banqueting-hall been the Tribune of the Uffizi Palace, or the theme of his panegyric the canvasses contained in that famous chamber. Conscious that his language had provoked surprise, not unmixed with scepticism, he this year returned to the charge, and without recanting the hymn of praise chanted twelve months previously, he discreetly qualified it by an additional note. Art, he said, in effect, is well and variously represented on your walls. Much that one sees, one admires, but there is something one misses. Art there is ; but there is no High Art. The subjects are too humble, too domestic, and smack overmuch of commonplace experience. Cannot English Art attempt a higher flight, and give to the nation pictures to compare with those which Raphael has bequeathed to Rome, and Tintoretto to Venice ? Subjects abound. Look at the

Wars of the Roses ! Where are we to look for the Shakespeare of English painting ?

In venturing upon this flattering expostulation, the Prime Minister was not drawing solely upon his own artistic inner consciousness. He spoke aloud the thoughts of many. No man whose mental experience has ranged through the ages, whose sympathies have been enlarged by travel, been developed by education, and been elevated by history, can fail to walk through the rooms full of dazzling colour in Burlington House, without feeling that he has been moving in a somewhat narrow world. He will have seen much to please, no little to move him. The current features of domestic life, the curiosities of contemporary civilisation, the faces of his more celebrated acquaintances, reproductions of national scenery or picturesque architecture, these and much more of the same sort will have been offered to his gaze ; but he will not, he cannot, feel that he has been admitted to very high regions of Art, or that he has been lifted beyond the petty range of his own round of experiences. He will not have encountered anything equivalent to what met the eye or melted the soul of the pious Æneas and his faithful Achates, while scanning the rising temples of Carthage :

. Iliacæ ex ordine pugnas,
Bellaque jam famâ totum vulgata per orbem ;
Atridas, Priamumque, et sævum ambobus Achillen.

Yet England has produced warriors equal to these ; and, as Lord Beaconsfield says, in the Wars of the Roses we have our Siege of Troy, and in Shakespeare a greater poet than Homer ! How is that the subjects which offered themselves are so great, and the subjects selected are, comparatively speaking, so small ?

We do not think the answer is difficult to find. Sir Joshua Reynolds, writing in the last century, acknowledged that the practical expulsion of saints, virgins, and martyrs, from the Protestant creed, had injuriously affected English Art. It will, perhaps, be thought that, apart from all considerations of creed, of saints, virgins, and martyrs, Art has by this time had enough. Even, however, if in Roman Catholic countries, artists still sought inspiration in legends of the Madonna and the Vatican Calendar, we can well understand why in England these should fail to dictate the artist's choice. They are altogether outside of our life, and alien to our thoughts. They afford us no comfort, and illustrate nothing that touches us. But do the Wars of the Roses come much nearer to us ? What is the Battle of Bosworth to a Belgravian dinner-table ? Do the inhabitants of Clapham feel a profound retrospective interest in the fortunes of Henry VI. ? And is the country cousin deeply versed in the genealogy of the Houses of York and Lancaster ?

The critics who recommend English artists to select their themes either from the kingly or from the aristocratic period of English History, forget that we no longer live in kingly or aristocratic times.

We still preserve certain Monarchical forms; and, there still are people among us who bequeath sounding titles. But to take the trouble to prove that we live in an age of Democracy, would be as much waste time as to labour to prove that we live in the light of the sun. To some people Democracy is a fetish—to some a stumbling-block. For our purpose it is sufficient to recognise its existence; nor need we exaggerate either its advantages or its drawbacks. To the politician of one camp it may represent only the voice of the "vile multitude;" to the politician of another camp, the "great heart of humanity." We mean by Democracy only the influence of the many as opposed to the will of one, or to the authority of the few.

It is evident that under such a dispensation the greatest number of people of one way of thinking will dictate prevailing conduct, and that the greatest number of people of one way of feeling will dictate prevailing sentiment. This is but another way of saying that the many will necessarily give the direction to existing Art. And what is it the many want in pictures? Is it the glorification of kings and warriors? Is it the representation of the gallantry of knights—of the brutality or treachery of nobles? Do they crave to understand the action of defunct political parties? What is Hecuba to them, or they to Hecuba? They are interested, not in Naseby, but in Epsom; not in Flodden Field, but in the Derby Day. Their own offspring concern them much more than the young princes in the Tower; and the Judgment of Paris has poor attractions for these compared with the face, or, for that matter, the gown of the reigning beauty. Artists and art-critics, no doubt, periodically struggle to stem this stream of taste, but they end either by being carried along by it, or by being left high and dry on the shores it has abandoned.

For the many have at last acquired a considerable sense of their own importance, and they are not at all disposed to transfer fealty from their own homes, their own occupations, their own diversions, their own feelings, to the doings of dead kings, to the bones of burnt martyrs, or to the casques and spurs of the ancestors of rich gentlemen who are now uncommonly like themselves. No doubt what some would call the faculty of wonder and others the ineradicable instinct of British snobism, still exists amongst us; and any picture professing to render either the public or the private life of Royalty will secure a certain amount of attention. But then the sovereign represented must be a living sovereign, that is to say, it must be *our* Sovereign, the Sovereign we know; that lives in our time, drives in our streets, goes to our theatres, opens our Parliaments, and holds drawing-rooms for us. A picture of the Marriage of the Prince of Wales, provided it be the Prince of Wales who is still alive, whom we all know by sight, and of whom some of us are never weary of talking, will, if exhibited, be for a time at least so popular that we can quite understand that a detachment of the Metropolitan Police force should be required to prevent loyal British art-students from

rubbing the paint off it against their noses. But let the same artist paint the marriage of Philip and Mary, or even the nuptials of George III., and the very same people will either pass the picture by without comment, or will ask what on earth made the artist choose such a subject as that? It is not merely because a man is a king that people in these days are interested in him; otherwise the interest felt in the pictured representation of the marriage of a deceased monarch would bear some proportion at least to the interest manifested in the marriage of a living one. But the proportion is in this case the proportion of zero to infinity. It has been said that a live donkey is better than a dead lion; but in these days the qualification has to be added, that the live donkey must be our own.

It may, perhaps, strike some people as wonderful that even if we confine our interest in princes to princes that are alive, artists should select for treatment such an incident in their career as their marriage. It may be that in a democratic age interest in dead kings no longer exists; but surely living kings have more interesting moments than their appearance at the matrimonial altar. The answer must be, that in an age whose sentiment, and therefore whose Art, is regulated by the feelings of the many, they have no more interesting moment than that, for we all get married, or might get married; and the people who refuse to concern themselves about Princes who are no longer walking about in their clothes, concern themselves in the warmest manner about living Princes, when those Princes are in situations in which they themselves have been, or will possibly be before very long. A picture representing a living Royal Family at the opera would be sure to attract great attention; because numbers of those who are attracted by it either were themselves at the opera on the occasion in question, or would have vastly liked to be there.

We may be thought to have selected a rather trite instance to illustrate our meaning. But it will perhaps not be deemed trite, if the conclusion it helps to establish be considered. That conclusion is, that in an age of Democracy, such as that in which we live, the main, if not the sole, interest of the many is themselves; and any interest they may exhibit in some one not themselves arises out of the property they have in him. Of course every artist is free to please himself, and may paint what he chooses. But then he will please himself at his own peril, or at the peril of pleasing nobody else. He may paint volcanoes in the moon, and he may do it in a manner to satisfy the scientific imagination of astronomers. But the man who paints Primrose Hill, even if indifferently, will interest a far greater number of people. If our leading artists were to follow Lord Beaconsfield's advice, and to paint scenes taken from the Wars of the Roses, and if younger men were to imitate their example and illustrate the dramas of Shakespeare, the quadrangle of Burlington House would soon present a very different appearance in the months of May, June, and July from what it does now. The fussy anxiety

manifested by tens of thousands to crowd the Royal Academy at the earliest possible opportunity would soon dwindle down to indifference; and the handsome rooms built at so much cost would shortly be as deserted as the corridors in the British Museum that contain the Elgin Marbles. A picture of Warwick the King-Maker would not excite a hundredth part of the interest awakened by a picture of a living Lord Mayor if the two works were painted by the same hand. Men ate and drank in Rome as they eat and drink now-a-days; but could the same artist hope to please as much by painting a supper of Sallust as by painting an undergraduate's breakfast at Oxford?

We fancy we hear some one objecting that people were always more interested in their own concerns than in the concerns of others, and that it is no novelty for an age to be more attracted by what is contemporaneous than by what is past and gone. That is, no doubt, true; but the objection enables us to indicate the distinction, as far as Art is concerned, between the present age and all previous ages, between an age governed by Monarchical ideas or subject to aristocratic influence, and an age frankly Democratic. In the one case an artist imposes his ideals, his sentiments, his subjects, his preferences, on the public. In the other, the public impose their taste, their preferences, their subjects, upon the artist. It will perhaps be urged that princes or great nobles, and not the artist's own choice, were wont to decide what themes he should handle. But this was by no means invariably the case; and even where it may seem to have been so, the choice of the patron and of the artist was substantially identical. There can be no question that great artists prefer, and are by instinct inclined, to select great subjects rather than small ones; and it may shrewdly be expected that the recognised superiority of such artists as Raphael, Tintoretto, and Lionardo, is due in no small measure to the superiority of the subjects upon which they worked. We entertain no doubt that had the sixteenth century been a century as truly democratic as our own—that is to say, a century in which the many were as influential as they are now—they would not have encouraged the artists we have named to select for treatment the subjects they, as a fact, did select. They would have compelled them to paint something that came home more directly and more strongly to their sympathies. They were not consulted, and the artist was left either to his own inspiration solely, or to his own inspiration seconded by suggestions of some Pope, Doge, Emperor, or Podestà, whose tastes and wishes were pretty similar to his own. The many were not taken into consultation as to what should be painted; they were only told to admire something which had already been painted. It never occurred to them, for a moment, that the artist should paint the incidents of their own daily life. Such an idea would have savoured of intolerable presumption. Pictures, and such like luxuries, were not for common folk, but for holy Fathers, crowned heads, municipalities, churches, monasteries, and the great ones of the earth. Hence the people who painted the pictures painted such as

glorified Royalty, extolled Heaven, flattered opulent cities, or drew devout crowds to the foot of celebrated altars. The Virgin was being lifted up to the Throne of her Son on the feet of clouds or on the wings of angels. Jehovah was hurling the blasphemer and the riotous into the eternal abysses of hell. Constantine was triumphing over Maxentius and driving his heretical legions into the Tiber. Paul was proclaiming the Gospel of the carpenter's Son to the self-satisfied philosophers of Athens. Saint Francis, Saint Dominic, Saint Benedict, each had his crowd of attendant artists, because at Assisi, at Subiaco, at Monte Cassino, lived powerful patrons in cowl and tonsure. To Perugino it mattered not whether his patron was the head of the Augustinian friars, or the spirited Corporation which commissioned him to cover the walls of the Sala del Cambio with idealised representations of Justice, Temperance, and Prudence, personified by Trajan, Leonidas, and Numa Pompilius. He knew the more he allowed his imagination to soar, the better he should satisfy his reverend good masters. If he stuck the portrait of a patron into the corner of an enormous canvas covered with saints and martyrs, and represented him as a subordinate and insignificant personage, kneeling afar off, and as if praying excuse for being there at all, the patron was satisfied. Now, if the patron of an artist—some master of hounds, or professor of omniscience, of the period—is painted, it is not as an accessory, but as a principal. "Paint *me*!" is the order; "and paint me as like me as you possibly can. My family do not want a work of imagination. They want me in my best clothes, and with my favourite smirk, or in my most commanding attitude."

Happily, portraits do not exhaust the list of subjects in which the multitude of Art-worshippers and picture-buyers now-a-days delight. But the same principle, the same motive, is at work in the preference shown by the modern many for the pictures which they do prefer. There is no difference between the modern many and the ancient many, save that the ancient many had nothing whatever to say to what sort of pictures should be painted, and the modern many have everything to say to it. Stockbrokers and cotton-spinners, with money in their pocket, are the magnificent Lorenzos of the period. The true successor of Julius II. or Charles V., in the character of Art-patron, is a navy grown rich. A navy grown rich is a person greatly to be respected, in so far as he is the embodiment of practical ability, character, and courage. Morally, he is far more admirable than Leo X. But it may be doubted if his commission to artists to paint him pictures will be equally satisfactory. The one was a cultivated sensualist; the other is probably a strenuous boor. The second is probably far more useful in the present age than a reproduction of the former would be; but his usefulness ends where Art begins. *Nil ex omni parte beatum*. And an age which is in the hands of a clever, pushing, semi-educated middle-class, though it will have many things which are worth having, will not have a dominant sense of Art satisfactory to those who mean by Art

something more enduring than wall-furniture, and something more elevated than soothing syrup for puling mediocrity.

For it is better to be candid, and confess that the average person—in other words, the type of the many—prefers small themes to large themes, little subjects to big ones, matters of private interest to matters of public interest—the pictures in the Royal Academy to the pictures in the National Gallery. The turn of the average person has come, and he is using his rights as freely and unreservedly as people usually do use their rights. Every dog has his day; and the day of High Art is over. It would be unfair to call the Art that has replaced it low art, for it is not that, though it may conceivably sink to that in time. The many, left to themselves, have a wonderful aptitude for the art of sinking. So far their art is, like themselves, middle-class art. It is not elevated, and it is not base; it is common, ordinary—what the French call *banale*. Democracy wills it should be so, for democracy cannot will otherwise. It has its ideals, as every age, and every person, necessarily must have; and its ideals are comprised within the limits of its own experience. It does not want to be taken up to a high place; it asks for no transfigurations. True, it is constantly saying, "It is good for us to be here;" but the "here" is the bottom of the mountain, not the top.

It is just possible that we may be told that the two periods in the world's history most famous for Art, and for Art of an elevated character, were democratic periods. The periods referred to would, of course, be those known for convenience' sake as the age of Pericles and the age of the Medici. The answer must be that they were in no true sense democratic ages, and in no sense democratic ages as far as Art is concerned. Republicanism and Democracy are far from being convertible terms; and the persons who imagine that, even in the sphere of politics, the many exercised as much influence in the Athenian and Florentine republics as they exercise in the modern monarchy of England, would do well to study afresh their Grote and their Guicciardini. When we turn from politics to Art, we find a condition of things the very opposite of that which prevails in England at this moment. The many neither ordered statues nor bought pictures; they were content to admire the statues and pictures executed or ordered by those whom it never occurred to them to challenge as their "betters." As for the artist himself, he worked for his own glory, or for the glory of his country, his city, his State, his religion, not for the glorification of some individual Cræsus, or the gratification of some happy family. It is true he took to doing this in the declining days of Rome, and the period was synchronous with the decline of Art. The artist lent himself to the taste of the many; and the taste of the many killed his art.

For the many are very worthy people—highly respectable, and in many ways deserving of consideration; but it would be ridiculous insincerity to pretend that they cherish lofty ideals in any direction, and, most of all, that they cherish lofty ideals in the direction of Art. It is

idle to address to them the exhortation, *Sursum corda!* They cannot lift up their hearts. Their lives, their interests, their very day-dreams, are of the earth, earthy. Home, business, diversion—behold the limit of their lives! They always were like that; in all probability they always will be like that. *Odi profanum vulgus et arceo* expresses the enduring attitude of the true artist towards the multitude, who amply repay the compliment. In these days, at least, the true artist need be at no pains to try to keep the "vulgus" at arm's length. If he invites them in, it is ten to one they take no notice; if they do, it is to go away wondering at his perversity in selecting such strange themes. Of the "heaven of invention" they know nothing; the imitation of earth is quite enough for them. That they prefer; for that they will pay. They are commonplace folk, liking commonplace things. How should it be otherwise? It would be idle to reproach or vilify them; but it is equally idle to ignore or dissemble the fact. Even in modern artists themselves, it is curious to note the limited admiration they usually extend to the great artists of departed times. They can appreciate the technical merits of Tuscan or Venetian painters; but it is clear that it is the technical merits alone in which they recognise superiority. They fail to perceive superiority of theme and superiority of treatment. They themselves, for the most part, belong in taste and feeling to the many with whom they live, breathe, and have their being; and they find the subjects and the style of the Old Masters almost as strange and as uninteresting as do the people who find *their* pictures familiar and interesting.

If further confirmation be sought of the lowering influence of Democracy upon Art, we have only to turn from painting to literature to find the evidence of which we are in search. In the days when the many were of little or no consequence, and a monarch, or powerful nobles, were everything, the man of letters was absolutely unfettered in the employment of his genius. He might, like the artist, have a patron; but, while patrons occasionally did pretend to dictate the subject upon which the painter should exercise his talents, the patrons of the poet, the philosopher, or the historian, left it to them to select, unrestrained, the theme of their song, their speculation, or their narrative. No Pope bade Dante write his *Divina Commedia*, or paid him for writing it; no Prince or Republic set Milton to work on *Paradise Lost*, or took any notice of him when he had accomplished his task. Queen Elizabeth no more suggested to Shakespeare the *Midsommer Night's Dream*, or *Othello*, than did the groundlings. Even though writing for the stage, where the wish to please a large audience must always be more or less present to the writer, Shakespeare was able to feel that what he chose to write court and city alike would accept. The audience was easily pleased, and not very easily bored; and, not being offered domestic dramas, it was compelled to make an effort to enter in some degree into the subtleties of *Hamlet* and the exalted sorrows of *Lear*.

Democracy has changed all that. That same middle-class of which

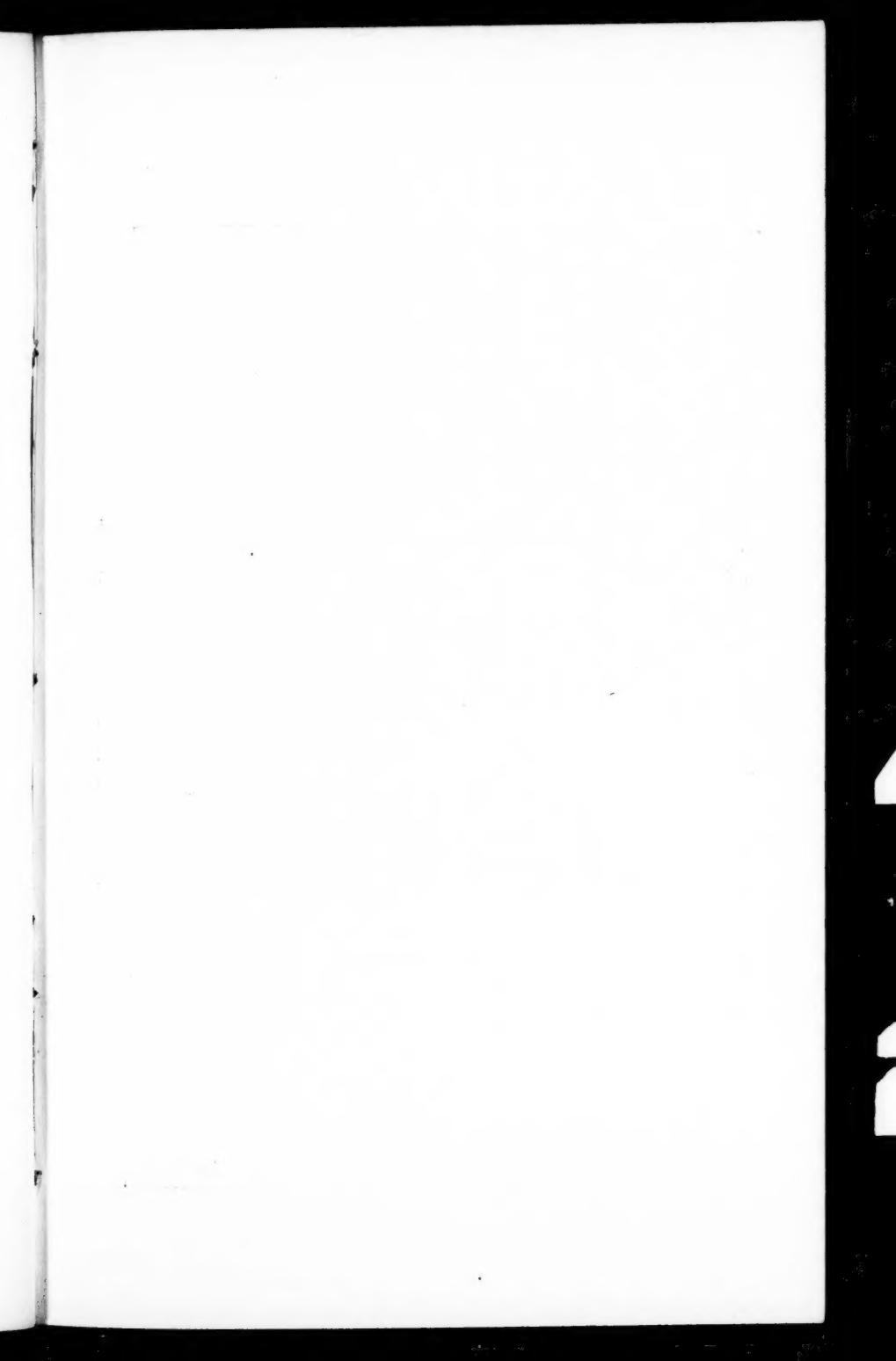
we spoke, which has acquired a sense of its own consequence, and not only a sense of its own consequence but a sense of the insignificance of individuals that do not choose to humour it, is quite as exacting in literature as in painting. A man of letters shall write what it wants to read, or he shall go unread. If he likes to let his imagination dwell upon great themes, he is free to please himself. He will not be burnt; he will only be left out in the cold. "Write to amuse *me*!" says Democracy; just as it said to the artist, "Paint *me*." In order to amuse Democracy, or even to secure its attention, the writer must abjure all subjects which are *caviare* to the multitude, and must deal with themes to which the many condescend to vouchsafe their interest. Men of letters, of the higher sort, have always been more stubborn than artists; and we are far from saying that some of them do not still treat this summons of Democracy to amuse it with sovereign contempt. But the result unquestionably is that they write for a small circle, which is ever getting smaller. We have purposely abstained from introducing the names of living persons, or it would be easy to mention men of genius in the world of letters, whose works are either practically unknown to the public, or who are known to the public only by some subordinate work which happens not to have been outside and beyond the public taste. Poetry is supposed to be the highest form of literature, and much poetry is still written. But there is only one living English poet who can be said, even by a stretch of language, to be known to the many. He has done exquisite work; but can any of it well be assigned a place in literature analogous to the place held by what in painting is called High Art? He has not failed in High Art, because he has not attempted it; unless, indeed, exception has to be made of a couple of dramas, markedly inferior to his other labours. Certainly, if they were adduced as objections to our theory, we should be able to plead the indifference with which the many have received them, without inquiring whether the indifference was well founded. For the rest, the beautiful work of this great artist, as far as theme and treatment are concerned, has been a striking concession, though doubtless an unconscious concession, to Democracy, or to the tastes and interests of the many. His chief poems have been described as cabinet pictures: cabinet pictures of the highest merit, as certain cabinet pictures on the walls of the Royal Academy are of the highest merit. But neither one nor the other can be said to be of the first order, so far as subject and treatment are concerned. Other poets have been more daring and less popular. When they have handled comparatively small themes, they, too, have attracted some attention. The moment they enlarged their canvas, their audience rapidly dwindled. The last ten years have provided ample material for an ambitious poet. The rise of Italy, the fall of the Second French Empire, the Paris Commune—history has provided for the imagination no loftier nor more inspiring material. It may be that the subjects have been treated, and it may be that they have

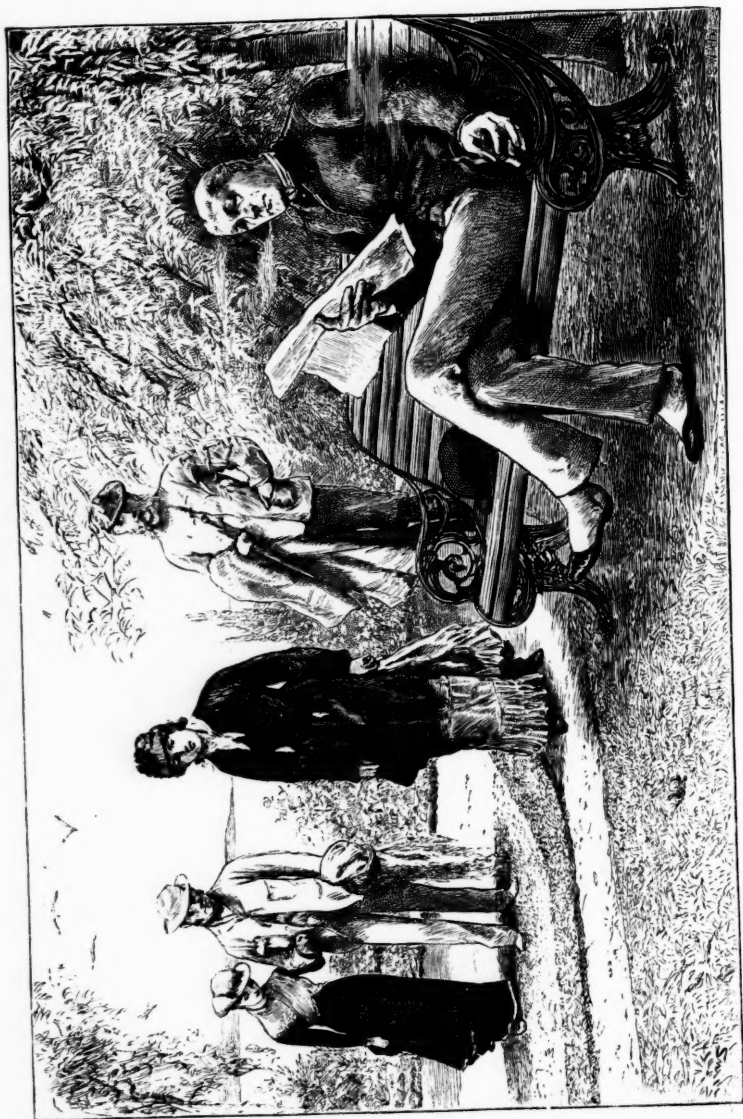
been treated inadequately. But it is quite certain that if they have been treated, whether adequately or otherwise, the many have taken no heed; and this we may assert with the utmost confidence, that if a poet competent to deal with these lofty subjects were to deal with them, and likewise to write a pretty or passionate little poem about a man and a woman, the many—in other words Democracy—would read the second performance with interest and possibly with enthusiasm, if the man and woman at all resembled themselves, and would turn from the imaginative treatment of Mentana, Sedan, and the siege of the French Capital by Frenchmen with utter indifference, not wholly unmixed with that of conceited scorn. Of the Italian Wars, of the Franco-German Campaign, of the Defence of Montmartre by revolutionary desperadoes, the many have had quite enough. Did they not read all about these occurrences in the daily papers? The smart special correspondent and the lively leader-writer have exhausted these themes. It was all very well for Shakespeare to dramatise Henry VIII. We have changed all that; and we prefer to read about contemporaneous events in the columns of the *Daily Startler*.

But if we wish to see what can be done by the influence of the many towards lowering Art, it is neither to pictures nor to poems that we must restrict our attention. Poets may go on for ever ignoring the multitude, and painters only by degrees experience the full effect of the conditions to which, as exhibitors trying to sell their pictures, they are exposed. But dramatists, whose dramas are not acted, are not dramatists at all; and it is to the English stage we must turn for a full flood of enlightenment as to prevailing ideals in a democratic age. A poem may be published, though it pleases and is read by no one save its author. A picture may be exhibited, though it attracts the notice of only a few peculiar critics. But plays are either not acted or are quickly withdrawn, unless they please the average play-goer. It would be impossible to give an adequate idea of the condition of the English theatre without deviating from our desire to abstain from personal instances. Fortunately no proof is required; for the British drama has reached depths of degradation, than which there cannot possibly be any lower deep. The cause is to be sought in the degraded ideals of the audience. We have some clever actors and actresses, who, if the taste of the public were higher, would develop yet more ability by playing in loftier rôles. If it be asked why they do not seek to educate both themselves and the public, the answer is that the public will not be educated; and if actors and actresses were to attempt the operation, they would soon be beggared. People that will have the pictures they want, and the books they want, and no others, are not likely to accept any plays but those they want. A manager has no choice, but to please his "patrons." The longest purse would succumb, if he sought to teach them to be pleased with something else. They like buffoonery, rows of legs, and now and then a touch of forced or maudlin sentiment; and these accordingly are what

is provided for them. A certain number of so-called comedies are put upon the stage; but the very best of these are broad farces—just as much farces as “Box and Cox,” or “Lend me Five Shillings”—with here and there an explosion of pathos, just to justify their title. There can be few men of letters, at least in the department of imagination, who have not felt an inclination to write dramatically. There is not a living Englishman, as far as we can recollect, deserving the name of a man of letters, or even pretending to the title, who writes for the stage or who has even once done so. We may be reminded of “Queen Mary;” but, though it was put upon the stage in consequence of its author’s reputation, it is hardly credible that it was written for the stage. The first thing an English manager or English actor would say to a dramatic aspirant would be that literary qualities have nothing to do with the practical goodness of a play, and rather stand in the way of its success than otherwise. What is wanted on the stage is extravagance, quaintness, surprise, sensation, and tumbling. The object of the theatre is the greatest happiness of the greatest number, and the greatest number find their happiness in these things. Over the walls of every theatre in London might be written, “You who enter here, leave Literature and Art behind.” Modern comedy, in its very highest phases, apparently consists in carrying about a kettle of hot water and dirtying the tablecloth by putting it down in the wrong place, in making young guardsmen who cannot speak consort with young women who cannot spell, in providing them both with abundance of exaggerated characteristics, and in somebody shrieking, dying, or coming to life again at the right moment. The histrionic ability exhibited in these performances is considerable. The plays themselves are clever, but certainly not of a high order; and the audiences that fancy they are, are past writing for by any one who would humbly imitate Plautus or copy Molière. It is a suggestive fact that on the first evening after the Gaiety Theatre was opened after the departure of the Comédie Française, the play given was “Pretty Esmeralda.”

It is in no spirit of animosity to Democracy that we make these observations. The many are our masters; and their supremacy has brought with it some good things and abolished many evil ones. But it has its drawbacks, and we have indicated some of them. It tries to make poetry narrow in its scope and peddling in its treatment. It bans High Art, and asks for pictures of no wider range and no higher elevation than its own blameless but selfish sentiment. And, finally, it has banished from the stage almost everything, save what provokes laughter or suggests lust. It is a mighty tyrant, and it will not be balked. It has got upon horseback.—Whither will it ride?





WE FOUND HIM SEATED UNDER A DROOPING ASH, SMOKING.

White Wings: A Nautical Romance.

CHAPTER V.

A BRAVE CAREER.



UT when we went on deck the next morning we forgot all about the detestable person who was about to break in upon our peace (there was small chance that our faithful Angus Sutherland might encounter the snake in this summer paradise, and trample on him, and pitch him out; for this easy way of getting rid of disagreeable folk is not permitted in the Highlands now-a-days) as we looked on the beautiful bay shining all around us.

"Dear me!" said

Denny-mains, "if Tom Galbraith could only see that now! It is a great peety he has never been to this place. I'm thinking I must write to him."

The Laird did not remember that we had an artist on board—one who, if she was not so great an artist as Mr. Galbraith, had at least exhibited one or two small landscapes in oil at the Royal Academy. But then the Academicians, though they might dread the contrast between their own work and that of Tom Galbraith, could have no fear of Mary Avon.

And even Mr. Galbraith himself might have been puzzled to find among his pigments any equivalent for the rare and clear colours of this morning scene as now we sailed away from Bunessan with a light topsail breeze. How blue the day was—blue skies, blue seas, a faint transparent blue along the cliffs of Bourg and Gribun, a darker blue where the far Ru-Tresbanish ran out into the sea, a shadow of blue to

mark where the caves of Staffa retreated from the surface of the sun-brown rocks! And here, nearer at hand, the warmer colours of the shore—the soft, velvety olive-greens of the moss and breckan; the splashes of lilac where the rocks were bare of herbage; the tender sunny reds where the granite promontories ran out to the sea; the beautiful cream whites of the sandy bays! Here, too, are the islands again as we get out into the open—Gometra, with its one white house at the point; and Inch Kenneth, where the seals show their shining black heads among the shallows; and Erisgeir and Colonsay, where the skarts alight to dry their wings on the rocks; and Staffa, and Lunga, and the Dutchman, lying peaceful enough now on the calm blue seas. We have time to look at them, for the wind is slight, and the broad-beamed *White Dove* is not a quick sailer in a light breeze. The best part of the forenoon is over before we find ourselves opposite to the gleaming white sands of the northern bays of Iona.

“But surely both of us together will be able to make him stay longer than ten days,” says the elder of the two women to the younger—and you may be sure she was not speaking of East Wind.

Mary Avon looks up with a start; then looks down again—perhaps with the least touch of colour in her face—as she says hurriedly—

“Oh, I think you will. He is your friend. As for me—you see—I—I scarcely know him.”

“Oh, Mary!” says the other reproachfully. “You have been meeting him constantly all these two months; you must know him better than any of us. I am sure I wish he was on board now—he could tell us all about the geology of the islands, and what not. It will be delightful to have somebody on board who knows something.”

Such is the gratitude of women!—and the Laird had just been describing to her some further points of the famous heresy case.

“And then he knows Gaelic!” says the elder woman. “He will tell us what all the names of the islands mean.”

“Oh, yes,” says the younger one, “he understands Gaelic very well, though he cannot speak much of it.”

“And I think he is very fond of boats,” remarks our hostess.

“Oh, exceedingly—exceedingly!” says the other, who, if she does not know Angus Sutherland, seems to have picked up some information about him somehow. “You cannot imagine how he has been looking forward to sailing with you; he has scarcely had any holiday for years.”

“Then he must stay longer than ten days,” says the elder woman; adding with a smile, “you know, Mary, it is not the number of his patients that will hurry him back to London.”

“Oh, but I assure you,” says Miss Avon seriously, “that he is not at all anxious to have many patients—as yet! Oh, no!—I never knew any one who was so indifferent about money. I know he would live on bread and water—if that were necessary—to go on with his researches. He

told me himself that all the time he was at Leipsic his expenses were never more than 1*l.* a week."

She seemed to know a good deal about the circumstances of this young F.R.S.

"Look at what he has done with those anæsthetics," continues Miss Avon. "Isn't it better to find out something that does good to the whole world than give yourself up to making money by wheedling a lot of old women?"

This estimate of the physician's art was not flattering.

"But," she says warmly, "if the Government had any sense, that is just the sort of man they would put in a position to go on with his invaluable work. And Oxford and Cambridge, with all their wealth, they scarcely even recognise the noblest profession that a man can devote himself to—when even the poor Scotch Universities and the Universities all over Europe have always had their medical and scientific chairs. I think it is perfectly disgraceful!"

Since when had she become so strenuous an advocate of the endowment of research?

"Why, look at Dr. Sutherland—when he is burning to get on with his own proper work—when his name is beginning to be known all over Europe—he has to fritter away his time in editing a scientific magazine and in those hospital lectures. And that, I suppose, is barely enough to live on. But I know," she says, with decision, "that in spite of everything—I know that before he is five-and-thirty, he will be President of the British Association."

Here, indeed, is a brave career for the Scotch student: cannot one complete the sketch as it roughly exists in the minds of those two women?

At twenty-one, B.M. of Edinburgh.

At twenty-six, F.R.S.

At thirty, Professor of Biology at Oxford: the chair founded through the intercession of the women of Great Britain.

At thirty-five, President of the British Association.

At forty, a baronetcy, for further discoveries in the region of anæsthetics.

At forty-five, consulting physician to half the gouty gentlemen of England, and amassing an immense fortune.

At fifty——

Well, at fifty, is it not time that "the poor Scotch student," now become great and famous and wealthy, should look around for some beautiful princess to share his high estate with him? He has not had time before to think of such matters. But what is this now? Is it that microscopes and test-tubes have dimmed his eyes? Is it that honours and responsibilities have silvered his hair? Or, is the drinking deep of the Pactolus stream a deadly poison? There is no beautiful princess awaiting him anywhere. He is alone among his honours. There was once a

beautiful princess—beautiful-souled and tender-eyed, if not otherwise too lovely—awaiting him among the Western Seas; but that time is over and gone many a year ago. The opportunity has passed. Ambition called him away, and he left her; and the last he saw of her was when he bade good-bye to the *White Dove*.

What have we to do with these idle dreams? We are getting within sight of Iona village now; and the sun is shining on the green shores, and on the ruins of the old cathedral, and on that white house just above the corn-field? And as there is no good anchorage about the island, we have to make in for a little creek on the Mull side of the Sound, called Polterriv, or the Bull-hole; and this creek is narrow, tortuous, and shallow; and a yacht drawing eight feet of water has to be guided with some circumspection—especially if you go up to the inner harbour above the rock called the Little Bull. And so we make inquiries of John of Skye, who has not been with us here before. It is even hinted that if he is not quite sure of the channel, we might send the gig over to Iona for John Macdonald, who is an excellent pilot.

"John Macdonald!" exclaims John of Skye, whose professional pride has been wounded. "Will John Macdonald be doing anything more than I was do myself in the Bull-hole—ay, last year—last year I will tek my own smack out of the Bull-hole at the nose end, and ferry near low water, too; and her deep-loaded? Oh, yes, I will be knowing the Bull-hole this many a year."

And John of Skye is as good as his word. Favoured by a flood-tide, we steal gently into the unfrequented creek, behind the great rocks of red granite; and so extraordinarily clear is the water that, standing upright on the deck, we can see the white sand of the bottom with shoals of young saithe darting this way and that. And then just as we get opposite an opening in the rocks, through which we can descry the northern shores of Iona, and above those the blue peak of the Dutchman, away goes the anchor with a short, quick rush; her head swings round to meet the tide; the *White Dove* is safe from all the winds that blow. Now lower away the gig, boys, and bear us over the blue waters of the Sound!

"I am really afraid to begin," Mary Avon says, as we remonstrate with her for not having touched a colour-tube since she started. "Besides, you know, I scarcely look on it that we have really set out yet. This is only a sort of shaking ourselves into our places; I am only getting accustomed to the ways of our cabin now. I shall scarcely consider that we have started on our real voyaging until——"

Oh, yes we know very well. Until we have got Angus Sutherland on board. But what she really said was, after slight hesitation:

"——until we set out for the Northern Hebrides."

"Ay it's a good thing to feel nervous about beginning," says the Laird, as the long sweep of the four oars brings us nearer and nearer to the Iona shores. "I have often heard Tom Galbraith say that to the younger

men. He says if a young man is over-confident, he'll come to nothing. But there was a good one I once heard Galbraith tell about a young man that was pentin at Tarbert—that's Tarbert on Loch Fyne, Miss Avon. Ay, well, he was pentin away, and he was putting in the young lass of the house as a fisher-lass; and he asked her if she could not get a creel to strap on her back, as a background for her head, ye know. Well, says she——"

Here the fierce humour of the story began to bubble up in the Laird's blue-grey eyes. We were all half laughing already. It was impossible to resist the glow of delight on the Laird's face.

"Says she—just as pat as ninepence—says she, 'it's your ain head that wants a creel!'"

The explosion was inevitable. The roar of laughter at this good one was so infectious that a subdued smile played over the rugged features of John of Skye. "*It's your ain head that wants a creel:*" the Laird laughed, and laughed again, until the last desperately suppressed sounds were something like *kee! kee! kee!* Even Mary Avon pretended to understand.

"There was a real good one," says he, obviously overjoyed to have so appreciative an audience, "that I mind of reading in the Dean's *Reminiscences*. It was about an old leddy in Edinburgh who met in a shop a young officer she had seen before. He was a tall young man, and she eyed him from head to heel, and says she—ha! ha!—says she, '*Od, ye're a lang lad: God gie ye grace.*' Dry—very dry—wasn't it? There was real humour in that—a pawky humour that people in the South cannot understand at all. '*Od,*' says she, '*ye're a lang lad: God grant ye grace.*' There was a great dale of character in that."

We were sure of it; but still we preferred the Laird's stories about Homesh. We invariably liked best the stories at which the Laird laughed most—whether we quite understood their pawky humour or not.

"Dr. Sutherland has a great many stories about the Highlanders," says Miss Avon timidly; "they are very amusing."

"As far as I have observed," remarked the Laird—for how could he relish the notion of having a rival anecdote-monger on board?—"as far as I have observed, the Highland character is entirely without humour. Ay, I have heard Tom Galbraith say that very often, and he has been everywhere in the Highlands."

"Well, then," says Mary Avon, with a quick warmth of indignation in her face—how rapidly those soft dark eyes could change their expression!—"I hope Mr. Galbraith knows more about painting than he knows about the Highlanders! I thought that anybody who knows anything knows that the Celtic nature is full of imagination, and humour, and pathos, and poetry; and the Saxon—the Saxon!—it is his business to plod over ploughed fields, and be as dull and commonplace as the other animals he sees there!"

Gracious goodness!—here was a tempest! The Laird was speechless; for, indeed, at this moment we bumped against the sacred shores—that is to say, the landing-slip of Iona; and had to scramble on to the big stones. Then we walked up and past the cottages, and through the potato-field, and past the white inn, and so to the hallowed shrine and its graves of the kings. We spent the whole of the afternoon there.

When we got back to the yacht and to dinner we discovered that a friend had visited us in our absence, and had left of his largesse behind him—nasturtiums and yellow-and-white pansies, and what not—to say nothing of fresh milk and crisp, delightful lettuce. We drank his health.

Was it the fear of some one breaking in on our domestic peace that made that last evening among the western islands so lovely to us? We went out in the gig after dinner; the Laird put forth his engines of destruction to encompass the innocent lythe; we heard him humming the “Haughs o’ Cromdale” in the silence. The wonderful glory of that evening!—Iona become an intense olive-green against the gold and crimson of the sunset; the warm light shining along the red granite of western Mull. Then the yellow moon rose in the south—into the calm violet-hued vault of the heavens; and there was a golden fire on the ripples and on the wet blades of the oars as we rowed back with laughter and singing.

*Sing tántara! sing tántara!
Sing tántara! sing tántara!
Said he, the Highland army rues
That ere they came to Cromdale!*

And then, next morning, we were up at five o’clock. If we were going to have a tooth pulled, why not have the little interview over at once? East Wind would be waiting for us at Castle Osprey.

Blow, soft westerly breeze, then, and bear us down by Fion-phort, and round the granite Ross—shining all a pale red in the early dawn. And here is Ardalanish Point; and there, as the morning goes by, are the Carsaig arches, and then Loch Buy, and finally the blue Firth of Lorn. Northward, now, and still northward—until, far away, the white house shining amidst the firs, and the flag fluttering in the summer air. Have they descried us, then? Or is the bunting hoisted in honour of guests? The pale cheek of Mary Avon tells a tale as she descries that far signal; but that is no business of ours. Perhaps it is only of her uncle that she is thinking.

CHAPTER VI.

OUR NEW GUESTS.

BEHOLD, now!—this beautiful garden of Castle Osprey all ablaze in the sun—the roses, pansies, poppies, and what not bewildering our eyes after the long looking at the blue water; and, in the midst of the bril-

liant paradise—just as we had feared—the snake! He did not scurry away at our approach, as snakes are wont to do; or raise his horrent head, and hiss. The fact is, we found him comfortably seated under a drooping ash, smoking. He rose and explained that he had strolled up from the shore to await our coming. He did not seem to notice that Mary Avon, as she came along, had to walk slowly, and was leaning on the arm of the Laird.

Certainly nature had not been bountiful to this tall, spare person who had now come among us. At first sight he looked almost like an albino—his yellow-white, closely-cropped head; a certain raw appearance of the face, as if perpetual east winds had chafed the skin; and weak grey eyes that seemed to fear the light. But the albino look had nothing to do with the pugilist's jaw, and the broken nose, and the general hang-dog scowl about the mouth. For the rest Mr. Smethurst seemed desirous of making up for those unpleasant features which nature had bestowed upon him by a studied air of self-possession, and by an extreme precision of dress. Alack and well-a-day! these laudable efforts were of little avail. Nature was too strong for him. The assumption of a languid and indifferent air was not quite in consonance with the ferrety grey eyes and the bull-dog mouth; the precision of his costume only gave him the look of a well-dressed groom, or a butler gone on the turf. There was not much grateful to the sight about Mr. Frederick Smethurst.

But were we to hate the man for being ugly? Despite his raw face, he might have the white soul of an angel. And in fact we knew absolutely nothing against his private character or private reputation, except that he had been blackballed at a London club in bygone days; and even of that little circumstance our women-folk were not aware. However, there was no doubt at all that a certain coldness—apparent to us who knew her well—characterised the manner of this small lady who now went up and shook hands with him, and declared—unblushingly—that she was so glad he had run up to the Highlands.

"And you know," said she, with that charming politeness which she would show to the arch-fiend himself if he were properly introduced to her, "you know, Mr. Smethurst, that yachting is such an uncertain thing, one never knows when one may get back; but if you could spare a few days to take a run with us, you would see what a capital mariner Mary has become, and I am sure it would be a great pleasure to us."

These were actually her words. She uttered them without the least tremor of hesitation. She looked him straight in the face with those clear, innocent, confiding eyes of hers. How could the man tell that she was wishing him at Jericho?

And it was in silence that we waited to hear our doom pronounced. A yachting trip with this intolerable Jonah on board! The sunlight went out of the day; the blue went out of the sky and the seas; the world was filled with gloom, and chaos, and East Wind!

Imagine, then, the sudden joy with which we heard of our deliver-

ance! Surely it was not the raucous voice of Frederick Smethurst, but a sound of summer bells.

"Oh, thank you," he said, in his affectedly indifferent way; "but the fact is, I have run up to see Mary only on a little matter of business, and I must get back at once. Indeed, I purpose leaving by the Dalmally coach in the afternoon. Thank you very much, though; perhaps some other time I may be more fortunate."

How we had wronged this poor man! We hated him no longer. On the contrary, great grief was expressed over his departure; and he was begged at least to stay that one evening. No doubt he had heard of Dr. Angus Sutherland, who had made such discoveries in the use of anæsthetics? Dr. Sutherland was coming by the afternoon steamer. Would not he stay and meet him at dinner?

Our tears broke out afresh—metaphorically—when East Wind persisted in his intention of departure; but of course compulsion was out of the question. And so we allowed him to go into the house, to have that business interview with his niece.

"A poor crayture!" remarked the Laird confidently, forgetting that he was talking of a friend of ours. "Why does he not speak out like a man, instead of drawling and dawdling? His accent is jist insufferable."

"And what business can he have with Mary?" says our sovereign lady sharply—just as if a man with a raw skin and yellow-white hair must necessarily be a pickpocket. "He was the trustee of that little fortune of hers, I know; but that is all over. She got the money when she came of age. What can he want to see her about now?"

We concerned ourselves not with that. It was enough for us that the snake was about to retreat from our summer paradise of his own free will and pleasure. And Angus Sutherland was coming; and the provisioning of the yacht had to be seen to; for to-morrow—to-morrow we spread our white wings again and take flight to the far north!

Never was parting guest so warmly speeded. We concealed our tears as the coach rolled away. We waved a hand to him. And then, when it was suggested that the waggonette that had brought Mary Avon down from Castle Osprey might just as well go along to the quay—for the steamer bringing Dr. Sutherland would be in shortly—and when we actually did set out in that direction, there was so little grief on our faces that you could not have told we had been bidding farewell to a valued friend and relative.

Now if our good-hearted Laird had had a grain of jealousy in his nature, he might well have resented the manner in which these two women spoke of the approaching guest. In their talk the word "he" meant only one person. "He" was sure to come by this steamer. "He" was so punctual in his engagements. Would he bring a gun or a rod; or would the sailing be enough amusement for him? What a capital thing it was for him to be able to take an interest in some such out-of-

door exercise, as a distraction to the mind! And so forth, and so forth. The Laird heard all this, and his expectations were no doubt rising and rising. Forgetful of his disappointment on first seeing Mary Avon, he was in all likelihood creating an imaginary figure of Angus Sutherland—and, of course, this marvel of erudition and intellectual power must be a tall, wan, pale person, with the travail of thinking written in lines across the spacious brow. The Laird was not aware that for many a day after we first made the acquaintance of the young Scotch student he was generally referred to in our private conversation as "Brose."

And, indeed, the Laird did stare considerably when he saw—elbowing his way through the crowd and making for us with a laugh of welcome on the fresh-coloured face—a stout-set, muscular, blue-eyed, sandy-haired, good-humoured-looking, youngish man; who, instead of having anything Celtic about his appearance, might have been taken for the son of a south-country farmer. Our young Doctor was carrying his own portmanteau, and sturdily shoving his way through the porters who would fain have seized it.

"I am glad to see you, Angus," said our queen regent, holding out her hand; and there was no ceremonial politeness in that reception—but you should have seen the look in her eyes.

Then he went on to the waggonette.

"How do you do, Miss Avon?" said he, quite timidly, like a school-boy. He scarcely glanced up at her face, which was regarding him with a very pleasant welcome; he seemed relieved when he had to turn and seize his portmanteau again. Knowing that he was rather fond of driving, our mistress and admiral-in-chief offered him the reins, but he declined the honour; Mary Avon was sitting in front. "Oh, no, thank you," said he quite hastily, and with something uncommonly like a blush. The Laird, if he had been entertaining any feeling of jealousy, must have been reassured. This Doctor-fellow was no formidable rival. He spoke very little—he only listened—as we drove away to Castle Osprey. Mary Avon was chatting briskly and cheerfully, and it was to the Laird that she addressed that running fire of nonsense and merry laughter.

But the young Doctor was greatly concerned when, on our arrival at Castle Osprey, he saw Mary Avon helped down with much care, and heard the story of the sprain.

"Who bandages your ankle?" said he at once, and without any shyness now.

"I do it myself," said she cheerfully. "I can do it well enough."

"Oh, no, you cannot!" said he abruptly; "a person stooping cannot. The bandage should be as tight, and as smooth, as the skin of a drum. You must let some one else do that for you."

And he was disposed to resent this walking about in the garden before dinner. What business had she to trifle with such a serious matter as a sprain? And a sprain which was the recall of an older sprain. "Did she wish to be lame for life?" he asked sharply.

Mary Avon laughed, and said that worse things than that had befallen people. He asked her whether she found any pleasure in voluntary martyrdom; she blushed a little, and turned to the Laird.

The Laird was at this moment laying before us the details of a most gigantic scheme. It appeared that the inhabitants of Strathgovan, not content with a steam fire-engine, were talking about having a public park—actually proposing to have a public park, with beds of flowers, and iron seats; and, to crown all, a gymnasium, where the youths of the neighbourhood might twirl themselves on the gay trapèze to their hearts' content. And where the subscriptions were to come from; and what were the hardiest plants for borders; and whether the gymnasium should be furnished with ropes or with chains—these matters were weighing heavily on the mind of our good friend of Denny-mains. Angus Sutherland relapsed into silence, and gazed absently at a tree-fuchsia that stood by.

"It is a beautiful tree, is it not?" said a voice beside him—that of our midge-like empress.

He started.

"Oh, yes," he said cheerfully. "I was thinking I should like to live the life of a tree like that, dying in the winter, you know, and being quite impervious to frost, and snow, and hard weather; and then, as soon as the fine warm spring and summer came round, coming to life again and spreading yourself out to feel all the sunlight and the warm winds. That must be a capital life."

"But do you really think they can feel that? Why, you must believe that those trees and flowers are alive!"

"Does anybody doubt it?" said he quite simply. "They are certainly alive. Why——"

And here he bethought himself for a moment.

"If I only had a good microscope now," said he eagerly, "I would show you the life of a plant directly—in every cell of it: did you never see the constant life in each cell—the motion of the chlorophyll granules circling and circling night and day? Did no one ever show you that?"

Well, no one had ever shown us that. We may now and again have entertained angels unawares; but we were not always stumbling against Fellows of the Royal Society.

"Then I must borrow one somewhere," said he decisively, "and show you the secret life of even the humblest plant that exists. And then look what a long life it is, in the case of the perennial plants. Did you ever think of that? Those great trees in the Yosemite valley—they were alive and feeling the warm sunlight and the winds about them when Alfred was hiding in the marshes; and they were living the same undisturbed life when Charles the First had his head chopped off; and they were living—in peace and quietness—when all Europe had to wake up to stamp out the Napoleonic pest; and they are alive now and quite

careless of the little creatures that come to span out their circumference, and ticket them, and give them ridiculous names. Had any of the patriarchs a life as long as that?"

The Laird eyed this young man askance. There was something uncanny about him. What might not he say when—in the northern solitudes to which we were going—the great Semple heresy-case was brought on for discussion?

But at dinner the Laird got on very well with our new guest; for the latter listened most respectfully when Denny-mains was demonstrating the exceeding purity, and strength, and fitness of the speech used in the south of Scotland. And indeed the Laird was generous. He admitted that there were blemishes. He deprecated the introduction of French words; and gave us a much longer list of those aliens than usually appears in books. What about *conjec*, and *que-vee*, and *fracaw* as used by Scotch children and old wives?

Then after dinner—at nine o'clock the wonderful glow of the summer evening was still filling the drawing-room—the Laird must needs have Mary Avon sing to him. It was not a custom of hers. She rarely would sing a song of set purpose. The linnet sings all day—when you do not watch her; but she will not sing if you go and ask.

However, on this occasion, her hostess went to the piano, and sat down to play the accompaniment; and Mary Avon stood beside her, and sang, in rather a low voice—but it was tender enough—some modern version of the old ballad of the Queen's Maries. What were the words? These were of them, anyway:—

*Yestreen the Queen had four Maries;
This night she'll hae but three:
There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton,
And Mary Carmichael, and me.*

But indeed, if you had seen that graceful slim figure—clad all in black velvet, with the broad band of gold fringe round the neck—and the small, shapely, smoothly-brushed head above the soft swathes of white muslin—and if you had caught a glimpse of the black eyelashes drooping outward from the curve of the pale cheek—and if you had heard the tender, low voice of Mary Avon, you might have forgotten about the Queen's Maries altogether.

And then Dr. Sutherland: the Laird was determined—in true Scotch fashion—that everybody who could not sing should be goaded to sing.

"Oh, well," said the young man, with a laugh, "you know a student in Germany must sing whether he can or not. And I learned there to smash out something like an accompaniment also."

And he went to the piano without more ado, and did smash out an accompaniment. And if his voice was rather harsh?—well, we should have called it raucous in the case of East Wind, but we only called it

manly and strenuous when it was Angus Sutherland who sang. And it was a manly song, too—a fitting song for our last night on shore, the words hailing from the green woods of Fuinary, the air an air that had many a time been heard among the western seas. It was the song of "Biorlinn" * that he sang to us; we could hear the brave chorus and splash of the long oars :—

Send the biorlinn on careering !

Cheerily and all together—

Ho, ro, clansmen !

A long, strong pull together—

Ho, ro, clansmen !

Give her way and show her wake

'Mid showering spray and curling eddies—

Ho, ro, clansmen !

A long, strong pull together—

Ho, ro, clansmen !

Do we not hear now the measured stroke in the darkness of the morning? The water springs from her bows; one by one the headlands are passed. But lo! the day is breaking; the dawn will surely bring a breeze with it; and then the sail of the gallant craft will bear her over the seas :—

Another cheer, our Isle appears !

Our biorlinn bears her on the faster—

Ho, ro, clansmen !

A long, strong pull together—

Ho, ro, clansmen !

Ahead she goes ! the land she knows !

Echold ! the snowy shores of Canna—

Ho, ro, clansmen !

A long, strong pull together—

Ho, ro, clansmen !

A long, strong pull together indeed: who could resist joining in the thunder of the chorus? And we were bound for Canna, too: this was our last night on shore.

Our last night on shore. In such circumstances one naturally has a glance round at the people with whom one is to be brought into such close contact for many and many a day. But in this particular case, what was the use of speculating, or grumbling, or remonstrating? There is a certain household that is ruled with a rod of iron. And if the mistress of that household chose to select as her summer companions a "shilpit bit thing," and a hard-headed, ambitious Scotch student, and a parochial magnate haunted by a heresy-case, how dared one object? There is such a thing as peace and quietness.

* *Biorlinn*—that is, a rowing-boat. The word is pronounced *byurlen*. The song, which in a measure imitates the rhythm peculiar to Highland poetry—consisting in a certain repetition of the same vowel sounds—is the production of Dr. Macleod, of

But however unpromising the outlook might be, do we not know the remark that is usually made by that hard-worked officer, the chief mate, when, on the eve of a voyage, he finds himself confronted by an unusually mongrel crew? He regards those loafers and outcasts—from the Bowery, and Ratcliffe Highway, and the Broomielaw—Greeks, niggers, and Mexicans—with a critical and perhaps scornful air, and forthwith proceeds to address them in the following highly polished manner:—

“By etcetera-etcetera, you are an etceteraed rum-looking lot; but etcetera-etcetera me *if I don't lick you into shape before we get to Rio.*”

And so—good-night!—and let all good people pray for fair skies and a favouring breeze! And if there is any song to be heard in our dreams, let it be the song of the Queen's Maries—in the low, tender voice of Mary Avon:—

*There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton,
And Mary Carmichael, and me.*

CHAPTER VII.

NORTHWARD.

WE have bidden good-bye to the land; the woods and the green hills have become pale in the haze of the summer light; we are out here, alone, on the shining blue plain. And if our young Doctor betrays a tendency to keep forward—conversing with John of Skye about blocks,

Morven. And here, for the benefit of any one who minds such things, is a rough draft of the air, arranged by a most charming young lady, who, however, says she would much rather die than have her name mentioned:—

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The first system features a vocal melody in treble clef and piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "Send the bior-linn on ca-reer-ing! Cheer-i-ly and all to-geth-er." The second system is marked "PIANO." and shows the piano accompaniment. The third system is marked "CHORUS." and features a new vocal melody with the lyrics: "Ho, ro, clans-men! A long, strong pull to-ge-ther. Ho, ro, claus-men!" The piano accompaniment continues with dynamic markings *p* and *f*.

and tackle, and winches; and if the Laird—whose parental care and regard for Mary Avon is becoming beautiful to see—should have quite a monopoly of the young lady, and be more bent than ever on amusing her with his “good ones;” and if our queen and governor should spend a large portion of her time below, in decorating cabins with flowers, in overhauling napery, and in earnest consultation with Master Fred about certain culinary mysteries; notwithstanding all these divergences of place and occupation, our little kingdom afloat is compact enough. There is, always, for example, a reassembling at meals. There is an instant community of interest when a sudden cry calls all hands on deck to regard some new thing—the spouting of a whale or the silvery splashing of a shoal of mackerel. But now—but now—if only some cloud-compelling Jove would break this insufferably fine weather, and give us a tearing good gale!

It is a strange little kingdom. It has no postal service. Shilling telegrams are unknown in it; there is no newspaper at breakfast. There are no barrel-organs; nor rattling hansoms raising the dust in windy streets; there is no afternoon scandal; overheated rooms at midnight are a thing of the past. Serene, independent, self-centred, it minds its own affairs; if the whole of Europe were roaring for war, not even an echo of the cry would reach us. We only hear the soft calling of the sea-birds as we sit and read, or talk, or smoke; from time to time watching the shadows move on the blistering hot decks, or guessing at the names of the blue mountains that rise above Loch Etive and Lochaber. But oh! for the swift gale to tear this calm to pieces! Is there no one of you giants secretly brewing a storm for us, far up there among the lonely chasms, to spring down on these glassy seas?

“They prayed for rain in the churches last Sunday—so Captain John says,” Mary Avon remarks, when we assemble together at lunch.

“The distilleries are stopped: that’s very serious,” continues the Laird.

“Well,” says Queen T., “people talk about the rain in the West Highlands. It must be true, as everybody says it is true. But now—excepting the year we went to America with Sylvia Balfour—we have been here for five years running; and each year we made up our mind for a deluge—thinking we had deserved it, you know. Well, it never came. Look at this now.”

And the fact was that we were lying motionless on the smooth bosom of the Atlantic, with the sun so hot on the decks that we were glad to get below.

“Very strange—very strange, indeed,” remarked the Laird, with a profound air. “Now what value are we to put on any historical evidence if we find such a conflict of testimony about what is at our own doors? How should there be two opinions about the weather in the West Highlands? It is a matter of common experience—dear me! I never heard the like.”

“Oh, but I think we might try to reconcile those diverse opinions!”

said Angus Sutherland, with an absolute gravity. "You hear mostly the complaints of London people, who make much of a passing shower. Then the tourist and holiday folk, especially from the South, come in the autumn, when the fine summer weather has broken. And then," he added, addressing himself with a frank smile to the small creature who had been expressing her wonder over the fine weather, "perhaps, if you are pleased with your holiday on the whole, you are not anxious to remember the wet days; and then you are not afraid of a shower, I know; and besides that, when one is yachting, one is more anxious for wind than for fine weather."

"Oh, I am sure that is it!" called out Mary Avon quite eagerly. She did not care how she destroyed the Laird's convictions about the value of historical evidence. "That is an explanation of the whole thing."

At this, our young Doctor—who had been professing to treat this matter seriously merely as a joke—quickly lowered his eyes. He scarcely ever looked Mary Avon in the face when she spoke to him, or when he had to speak to her. And a little bit of shy embarrassment in his manner towards her—perceivable only at times—was all the more singular in a man who was shrewd and hard-headed enough, who had knocked about the world and seen many persons and things, and who had a fair amount of unassuming self-confidence, mingled with a vein of sly and reticent humour. He talked freely enough when he was addressing our admiral-in-chief. He was not afraid to meet *her* eyes. Indeed, they were so familiar friends that she called him by his Christian name—a practice which in general she detested. But she would as soon have thought of applying "Mr." to one of her own boys at Epsom College as to Angus Sutherland.

"Well, you know, Angus," says she pleasantly, "you have definitely promised to go up to the Outer Hebrides with us, and back. The longer the calms last, the longer we shall have you. So we shall gladly put up with the fine weather."

"It is very kind of you to say so; but I have already had such a long holiday——"

"Oh!" said Mary Avon, with her eyes full of wonder and indignation. She was too surprised to say any more. She only stared at him. She knew he had been working night and day in Edinburgh.

"I mean," said he hastily, and looking down, "I have been away so long from London. Indeed, I was getting rather anxious about my next month's number; but luckily, just before I left Edinburgh, a kind friend sent me a most valuable paper, so I am quite at ease again. Would you like to read it, sir? It is set up in type."

He took the sheets from his pocket, and handed them to the Laird. Denny-mains looked at the title. It was *On the Radiolarians of the Coal Measures*, and it was the production of a well-known professor. The Laird handed back the paper without opening it.

"No, thank you," said he, with some dignity. "If I wished to be instructed, I would like a safer guide than that man."

We looked with dismay on this dangerous thing that had been brought on board: might it not explode and blow up the ship?

"Why," said our Doctor, in unaffected wonder, and entirely mistaking the Laird's exclamation, "he is a perfect master of his subject."

"There is a great deal too much speculation now-a-days on these matters, and particuarly among the younger men," remarked the Laird severely. And he looked at Angus Sutherland. "I suppose now ye are well acquainted with the *Vestiges of Creation*?"

"I have heard of the book," said Brose—regretfully confessing his ignorance, "but I never happened to see it."

The Laird's countenance lightened.

"So much the better—so much the better. A most mischievous and unsettling book. But all the harm it can do is counteracted by a noble work—a conclusive work that leaves nothing to be said. Ye have read the *Testimony of the Rocks*, no doubt?"

"Oh, yes, certainly," our Doctor was glad to be able to say; "but—but it was a long time ago—when I was a boy, in fact."

"Boy, or man, you'll get no better book on the history of the earth. I tell ye, sir, I never read a book that placed such firm conviction in my mind. Will ye get any of the new men they are talking about as keen an observer and as skilful in arguing as Hugh Miller? No, no; not one of them dares to try to upset the *Testimony of the Rocks*."

Angus Sutherland appealed against this sentence of finality only in a very humble way.

"Of course, sir," said he meekly, "you know that science is still moving forward——"

"Science?" repeated the Laird. "Science may be moving forward or moving backward; but can it upset the facts of the earth? Science may say what it likes; but the facts remain the same."

Now this point was so conclusive that we unanimously hailed the Laird as victor. Our young Doctor submitted with an excellent good humour. He even promised to post that paper on the Radiolarians at the very first office we might reach: we did not want any such explosive compounds on board.

That night we only got as far as Fishnish Bay—a solitary little harbour probably down on but few maps; and that we had to reach by getting out the gig for a tow. There was a strange bronze-red in the northern skies, long after the sun had set; but in here the shadow of the great mountains was on the water. We could scarcely see the gig; but Angus Sutherland had joined the men and was pulling stroke; and along with the measured splash of the oars, we heard something about "*Ho, ro, clansmen!*" Then, in the cool night air, there was a slight fragrance of peat-smoke; we knew we were getting near the shore.

"He's a fine fellow, that," says the Laird, generously, of his defeated

antagonist. "A fine fellow. His knowledge of different things is just remarkable; and he's as modest as a girl. Ay, and he can row, too; a while ago, when it was lighter, I could see him put his shoulders into it. Ay, he's a fine, good-natured fellow, and I am glad he has not been led astray by that mischievous book, the *Vestiges of Creation*."

Come on board, now, boys, and swing up the gig to the davits. Twelve fathoms of chain?—away with her then!—and there is a roar in the silence of the lonely little bay. And thereafter silence; and the sweet fragrance of the peat in the night air, and the appearance, above the black hills, of a clear, shining, golden planet that sends a quivering line of light across the water to us. And, once more, good-night and pleasant dreams!

But what is this in the morning? There have been no pleasant dreams for John of Skye and his merry men during the last night; for here we are already between Mingary Bay and Ru-na-Gaul Lighthouse; and before us is the open Atlantic, blue under the fair skies of the morning. And here is Dr. Sutherland, at the tiller, with a suspiciously negligent look about his hair and shirt-collar.

"I have been up since four," says he, with a laugh. "I heard them getting under weigh, and did not wish to miss anything. You know these places are not so familiar to me as they are to you."

"Is there going to be any wind to-day, John?"

"No mich," says John of Skye, looking at the cloudless blue vault above and the glassy sweeps of the sea.

Nevertheless, as the morning goes by, we get as much of a breeze as enables us to draw away from the mainland—round Ardnamurchan ("the headland of the great sea") and out into the open—with Muick Island, and the sharp Scur of Eigg, and the peaks of Rum lying over there on the still Atlantic, and far away in the north the vast and spectral mountains of Skye.

And now the work of the day begins. Mary Avon, for mere shame's sake, is at last compelled to produce one of her blank canvases and open her box of tubes. And now it would appear that Angus Sutherland—though deprived of the authority of the sick room—is beginning to lose his fear of the English young lady. He makes himself useful—not with the elaborate and patronising courtesy of the Laird, but in a sort of submissive, matter-of-fact shifty fashion. He sheathes the spikes of her easel with cork so that they shall not mark the deck. He rigs up, to counterbalance that lack of stability, a piece of cord with a heavy weight. Then, with the easel fixed, he fetches her a deck-chair to sit in, and a deck-stool for her colours, and these and her he places under the lee of the foresail, to be out of the glare of the sun. Thus our artist is started; she is going to make a sketch of the after-part of the yacht with Hector of Moidart at the tiller: beyond, the calm blue seas, and a faint promontory of land.

Then the Laird—having confidentially remarked to Miss Avon that

Tom Galbraith, than whom there is no greater authority living, invariably moistens the fresh canvas with megilp before beginning work—has turned to the last report of the Semples case.

"No, no," says he to our sovereign lady, who is engaged in some mysterious work in wool, "it does not look well for the Presbytery to go over every one of the charges in the major proposition—supported by the averments in the minor—only to find them irrelevant; and then bring home to him the part of the libel that deals with tendency. No, no; that shows a lamentable want of purpose. In view of the great danger to be apprehended from these secret assaults on the inspiration of the Scriptures, they should have stuck to each charge with tenacity. Now, I will just show ye where Dr. Carnegie, in defending *Secundo*—illustrated as it was with the extracts and averments in the minor—let the whole thing slip through his fingers."

But if any one were disposed to be absolutely idle on this calm, shining, beautiful day—far away from the cares and labours of the land? Out on the taffrail, under shadow of the mizen, there is a seat that is gratefully cool. The glare of the sea no longer bewilders the eyes; one can watch with a lazy enjoyment the teeming life of the open Atlantic. The great skarts go whizzing by, long-necked, rapid of flight. The gannets poise in the air, and then there is a sudden dart downwards, and a spout of water flashes up where the bird has dived. The guillemots fill the silence with their soft kurrooing—and here they are on all sides of us—*Kurroo! Kurroo!*—dipping their bills in the water, hastening away from the vessel, and then rising on the surface to flap their wings. But this is a strange thing: they are all in pairs—obviously mother and child—and the mother calls *Kurroo! Kurroo!*—and the young one, unable as yet to dive or swim, answers *Pe-yoo-it! Pe-yoo-it!* and flutters and paddles after her. But where is the father? And has the guillemot only one of a family? Over that one, at all events, she exercises a valiant protection. Even though the stem of the yacht seems likely to run both of them down, she will neither dive nor fly until she has piloted the young one out of danger.

Then a sudden cry startles the Laird from his heresy-case and Mary Avon from her canvas. A sound far away has turned all eyes to the north; though there is nothing visible there, over the shining calm of the sea, but a small cloud of white spray that slowly sinks. In a second or two, however, we see another jet of white water arise; and then a great brown mass heave slowly over; and then we hear the spouting of the whale.

"What a huge animal!" cries one. "A hundred feet!"

"Eighty, any way!"

The whale is sheering off to the north: there is less and less chance of our forming any correct estimate.

"Oh, I am sure it was a hundred! Don't you think so, Angus?" says our admiral.

"Well," says the Doctor, slowly—pretending to be very anxious about keeping the sails full (when there was no wind)—"you know there is a great difference between 'yacht measurement' and 'registered tonnage.' A vessel of fifty registered tons may become eighty or ninety by yacht measurement. And I have often noticed," continues this graceless young man, who takes no thought how he is bringing contempt on his elders, "that objects seen from the deck of a yacht are naturally subject to 'yacht measurement.' I don't know what the size of that whale may be. Its registered tonnage, I suppose, would be the number of Jonahs it could carry. But I should think that if the apparent 'yacht measurement' was a hundred feet, the whale was probably about twenty feet long."

It was thus he tried to diminish the marvels of the deep! But, however he might crush us otherwise, we were his masters on one point. The Simple heresy-case was too deep even for him. What could he make of "*the first alternative of the general major*"?

And see now, on this calm summer evening, we pass between Muick and Eigg; and the sea is like a plain of gold. As we draw near the sombre mass of Rum, the sunset deepens, and a strange lurid mist hangs around this remote and mountainous island rising sheer from the Atlantic. Gloomy and mysterious are the vast peaks of Haleval and Haskeval; we creep under them—favoured by a flood-tide—and the silence of the desolate shores seems to spread out from them and to encompass us.

Mary Avon has long ago put away her canvas; she sits and watches; and her soft black eyes are full of dreaming as she gazes up at those thunder-dark mountains against the rosy haze of the west.

"Haleval and Haskeval?" Angus Sutherland repeats, in reply to his hostess; but he starts all the same, for he has been covertly regarding the dark and wistful eyes of the girl sitting there. "Oh, these are Norse names. Scur na Gillean, on the other hand, is Gaelic—it is *the peak of the young men*. Perhaps, the Norsemen had the north of the island, and the Celts the south."

Whether they were named by Scandinavian or by Celt, Haleval and Haskeval seemed to overshadow us with their sultry gloom as we slowly glided into the lonely loch lying at their base. We were the only vessel there; and we could make out no sign of life on shore, until the glass revealed to us one or two half-ruined cottages. The northern twilight shone in the sky far into the night; but neither that clear metallic glow, nor any radiance from moon, or planet, or star, seemed to affect the thunder-darkness of Haskeval and Haleval's silent peaks.

There was another tale to tell below—the big saloon aglow with candles; the white table-cover with its centre-piece of roses, nasturtiums, and ferns; the delayed dinner, or supper, or whatever it might be called, all artistically arranged; our young Doctor most humbly solicitous that Mary Avon should be comfortably seated, and, in fact, quite usurping the

office of the Laird in that respect; and then a sudden sound in the galley, a hissing as of a thousand squibs, telling us that Master Fred had once more and ineffectually tried to suppress the released genie of the bottle by jamming down the cork. Forthwith the Laird, with his old-fashioned ways, must needs propose a health, which is that of our most sovereign and midge-like mistress; and this he does with an elaborate and gracious and sonorous courtesy. And surely there is no reason why Mary Avon should not for once break her habit and join in that simple ceremony; especially when it is a real live Doctor—and not only a Doctor, but an encyclopædia of scientific and all other knowledge—who would fain fill her glass? Angus Sutherland timidly but seriously pleads; and he does not plead in vain; and you would think from his look that she had conferred an extraordinary favour on him. Then we—we propose a health too—the health of the FOUR WINDS! and we do not care which of them it is who is coming to-morrow, so long as he or she comes in force. Blow, breezes, blow!—from the Coolins of Skye, or the shores of Coll, or the glens of Arisaig and Moidart—for to-morrow morning we shake out once more the white wings of the *White Dove*, and set forth for the loneliness of the northern seas.

